

JULY

No. 13

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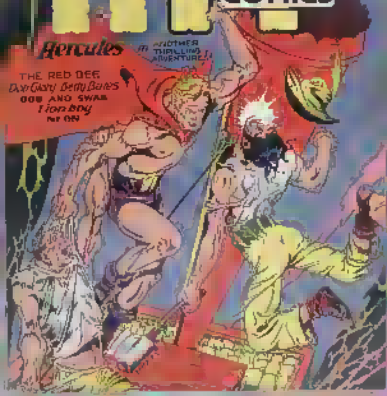


# HIT COMICS

**Hercules**

IN ANOTHER  
THRILLING  
ADVENTURE!

THE RED DEE  
Duo Gary Betty Barnes  
OOO AND SWAB  
Tion Boy  
NOT ON





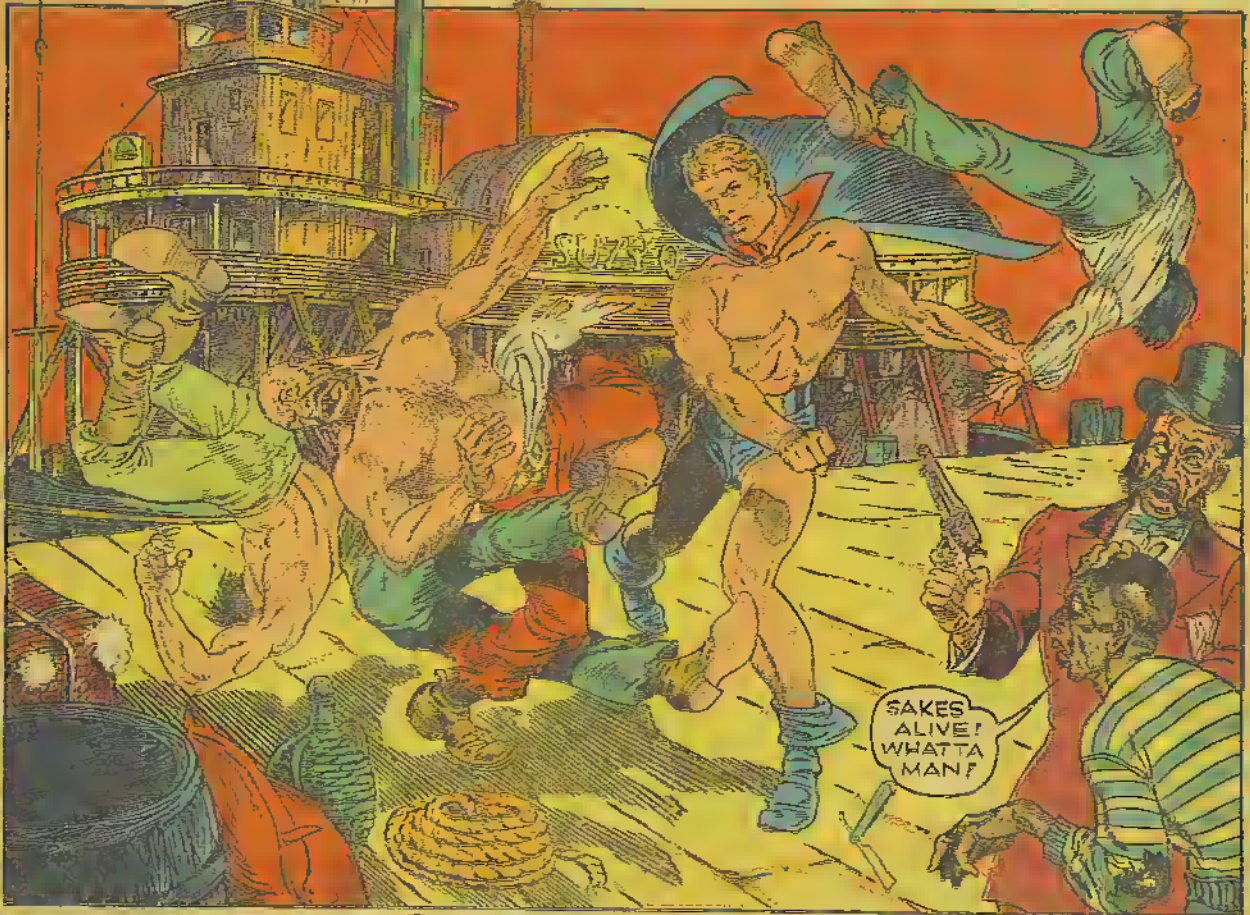
## The image features a dense background collage of vintage comic book covers. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "Startling Comics", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", and "Barnyard Comics". The covers depict various genres such as superhero action, mystery, science fiction, and humor. Overlaid centrally is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a slight drop shadow effect.





# Hercules

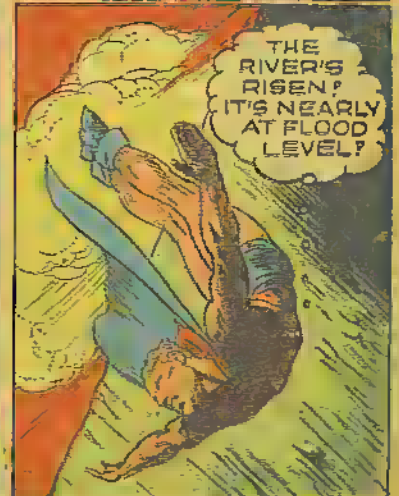
by  
Gregg  
Powers



TRAPPERS IN THEIR HOUSE-BOAT, FLOATING DOWN THE BROAD STRETCHES OF THE GREAT MISSISSIPPI ARE SUDDENLY ATTACKED BY RIVER RATS.

THE RENEGADES TOSS THEIR VICTIMS INTO THE SWIRLING WATERS, AND THEN PLUNDER THE VALUABLE FUR BELTS.

SUDDENLY A FIGURE APPEARS ON THE LEVEE. IT SWOOPS INTO THE PUSHING CURRENT.





IT IS HERCULES!! QUICKLY HE GRABS THE TWO DROWNING TRAPPERS.



AND WITH A MIGHTY LEAP LEAVES THE SURGING FLOW, BOTH VICTIMS IN HIS ARMS.



H-HALP!  
W-WHO'S HE?

FURIOUSLY, HERCULES TOSSES THE VANDALS ON TO THEIR OWN ODOROUS SCOW.



STAY WHERE YOU BELONG!

THEN, CATCHING A FORTY-FOOT POLE FROM FLOATING DRIFTWOOD, HERCULES HEADS THE SHANTY-BEAT TO NEW ORLEANS HARBOR.



WE SHO'ARE GRATEFUL, STRANGER!

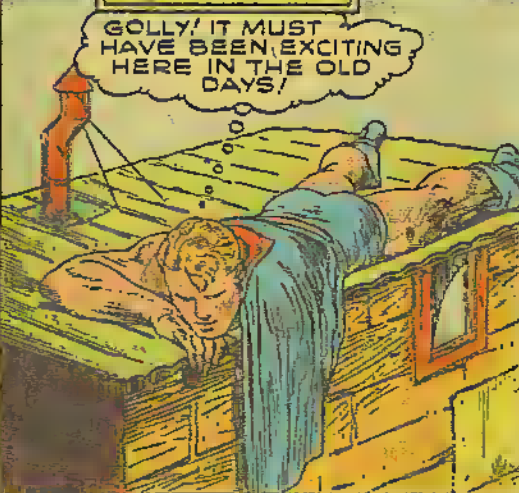


THAT'S O.K., BUT TELL ME, WHY IS THE RIVER NEAR FLOOD STAGE?? THERE HAS BEEN NO RAIN...

OL' MAN RIVER'S JES' ACTIN' FUNNY...WE CAN'T NEVER TELL WHEN HE'LL RISE OR FALL...EF'N THIS KEEPS UP, OUR BOTTOM LANDS'LL GO UNDER!

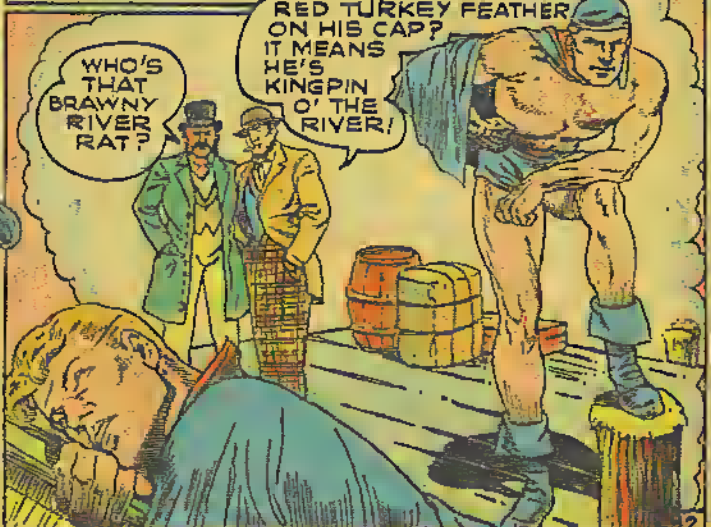


HERCULES TAKES IT EASY ATOP THE HOUSE-BOAT ROOF, AND MUSES AS HE WATCHES THE RISING WATER.



GOLLY! IT MUST HAVE BEEN EXCITING HERE IN THE OLD DAYS!

SOON HE IS FAST ASLEEP, AND...



WHO'S THAT BRAVNY RIVER RAT?

THAT'S HERCULES! CANTCHA SEE THE RED TURKEY FEATHER ON HIS CAP? IT MEANS HE'S KINGPIN O' THE RIVER!



IN HIS DREAM, HERCULES IS WORKING A MISSISSIPPI FLATBOAT DOWN TO NEW ORLEANS.



HIS BOAT PASSES ANOTHER GOING THE SAME WAY.

HEY THERE YOU, HERC! I'M BILL SEDLEY... I HEAR YOU'RE A RIGHT TOUGH FELLER, BUT I AIM TER PROVE OTHERWISE!



SO?

ME MOTHER WUZ A GRIZZLY B'AR AN' I GROWED UP ON RAW SNAKE OIL! I'M A HUMAN WAVE OF DESTRUCTION WHEN I'M MAD... AN' BROTHER... THAT'S JES' WHUT I AM NOW!



YOU'VE HAD YOUR SAY, SEDLEY... LET'S GET GOIN'!



BOTH CREWS CUT TO SHORE WHERE THEY FORM A RING.

TEAR HIM APART, HERC!

CUT 'IM TO RIBBONS, BILL!



SAY YOUR PRAYERS, BILL!

YAAHOOO!

CHAW HIM TO BITS, BILL!

STRIPPED TO THE WAIST, THE CONTESTANTS CHARGE AT EACH OTHER.



I'M AGONNA TAKE THAT PURTY FEATHER OFFA YOU, HERCULES!



NOT THIS TIME, SMALL FRY!



GOUGING, BITING, KICKING, BILL FIGHTS LIKE A PIRATE, BUT TO NO AVAIL... FINALLY HE REACHES FOR A ROCK IN THE OOZING MUD.



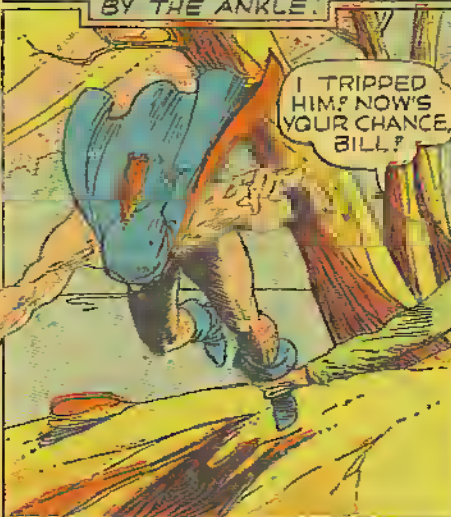
VA AIN'T GETTIN' THE BETTER UV ME?



BUT SEDLEY'S ROCK HAS  
LITTLE EFFECT ON HERCULES.



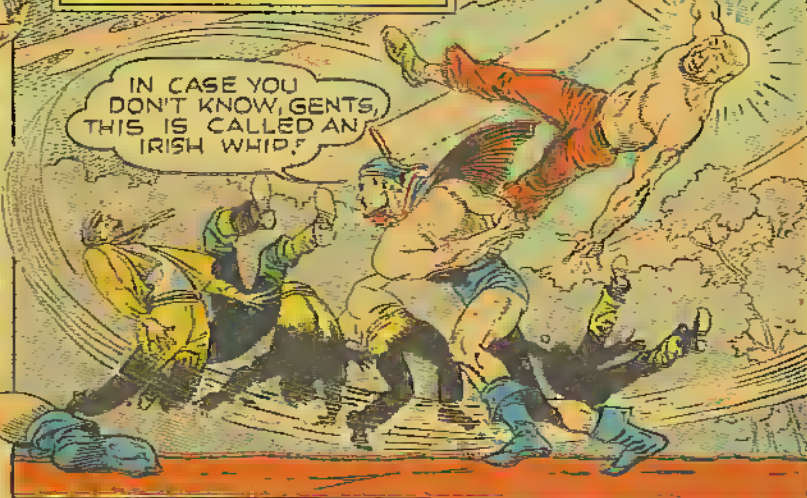
HE LUNGES TO FINISH SEDLEY, BUT  
A VILLAINOUS HAND GRABS HIM  
BY THE ANKLE.



AND BILL'S HUGE BOOT  
DESCENDS TO SMASH  
HERCULES' SKULL...



TURNING ON THE CREW, HE  
MOPS THEM UP EASILY...



THEN HE PITCHES THE WHOLE  
MOB LIKE PEBBLES INTO THE  
RIVER.



HE RETURNS TO HIS FLAT-  
BOAT.

GOL DERN IT?  
EFN THAT WARM'T THE  
SLICKEST FIGHT AH  
EVER DID  
SEE!



SOON THEY DRIFT DOWN  
TO NEW ORLEANS...





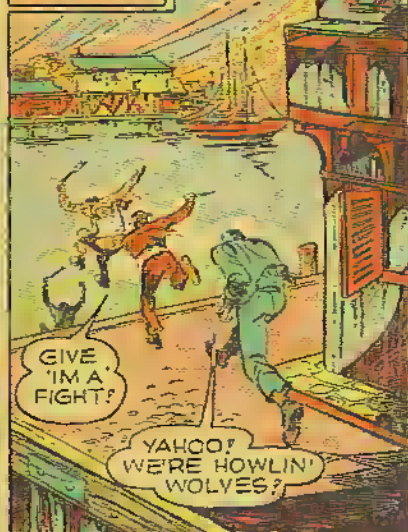
THEY TIE UP AT A DOCK...HERCULES UNLOADS, LIGHTLY TOSSING THE HEAVY CARGO ONTO THE WHARF



A MOTLEY COLLECTION OF ENVIOUS WATCHERS SOON GATHERS.



SUDDENLY.



THE RIVER RATS PILE ON HERCULES LIKE A TON OF BRICKS.



BUT THE MOUND OF HUMANITY SCATTERS LIKE CHAFF ON A WINDY DAY WHEN HERCULES RISES TO HIS FEET.



THEY LAND IN THE RIGGING OF A NEARBY SCHOONER.



THAT NIGHT, AS HERCULES SEEKS LODGING, A CRY RINGS THROUGH THE CITY.



RIVER PIRACY INCREASES... HELPLESS BOATS ARE EASY PICKING FOR THE FOUL PLUNDERERS.



NOBODY KNOWS THE REASON FOR THE FLOOD.



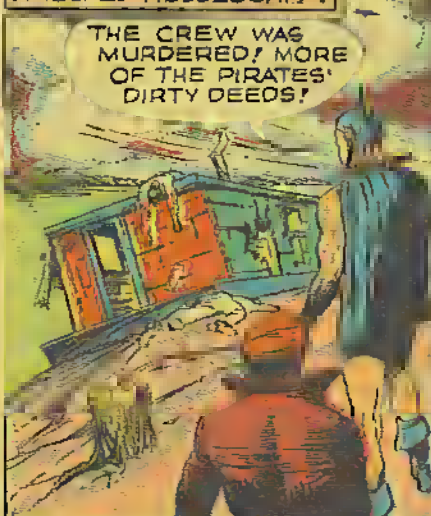


BACK AGAINST THE RAGING  
TORRENT HERCULES TOWS  
THE CAPTAIN'S FLATBOAT.



I'LL FIND WHAT  
CAUSED THIS  
FLOOD.. AND  
FIX THOSE  
PIRATES,  
TOO!

UPSTREAM THEY FIND A  
WRECKED HOUSEBOAT..

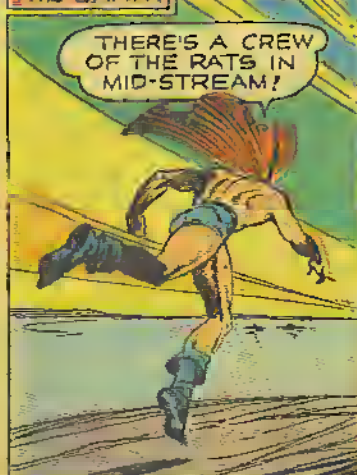


THE CREW WAS  
MURDERED! MORE  
OF THE PIRATES'  
DIRTY DEEDS!

CAP'N, YOU STAY  
HERE WHILE I  
SCOUT UP  
YONDER!

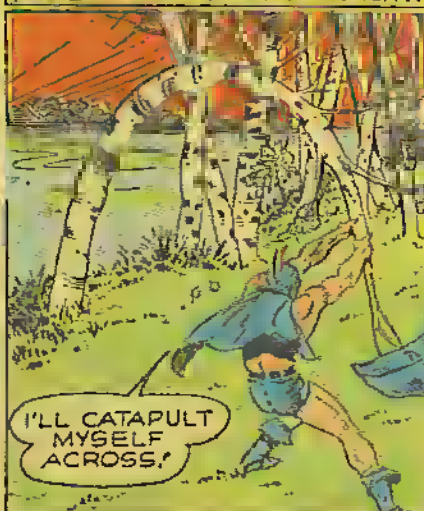


HERCULES RACES WITH  
GREAT STRIDES ALONG  
THE BANK.



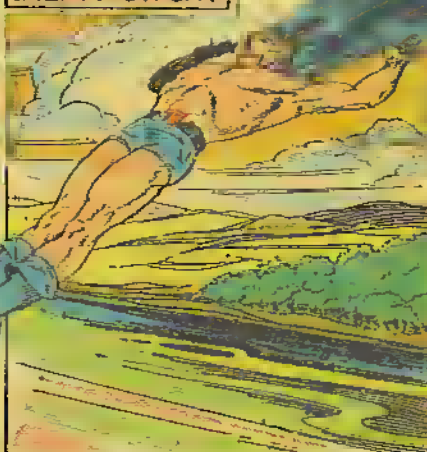
THERE'S A CREW  
OF THE RATS IN  
MID-STREAM!

HE BENDS A SPRINGY BIRCH..



I'LL CATAPULT  
MYSELF  
ACROSS!

AS HE LETS GO, THE SUDDEN  
RELEASE SENDS HIM FLYING  
OVER THE WATER WITH A  
MIGHTY SWISH.



HE LANDS ON THE PIRATES' BOAT WITH  
A TORNADO OF SWIFT BLOWS.

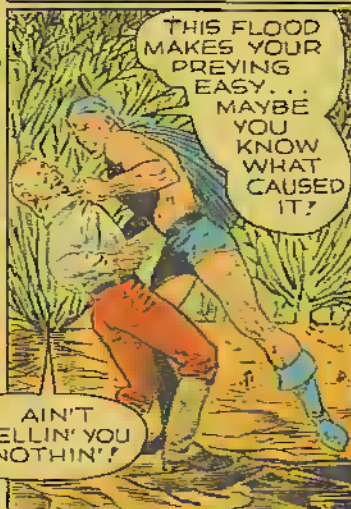




TYING THE SCREAMING PIRATES INTO A HUGE BALE, HERCULES LEAPS ASHORE.



...WHERE HE GRILLS THE PIRATE CHIEF.



THIS FLOOD MAKES YOUR PREYING EASY... MAYBE YOU KNOW WHAT CAUSED IT?

I AIN'T TELLIN' YOU NOTHIN'!

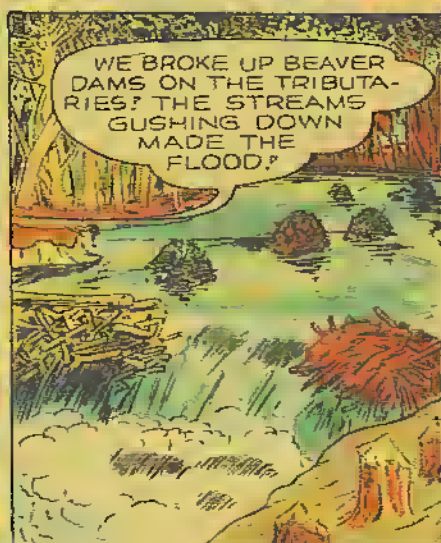
WITH A TWIST OF HIS WRIST, HERCULES SPINS THE PIRATE ONTO HIS EAR.



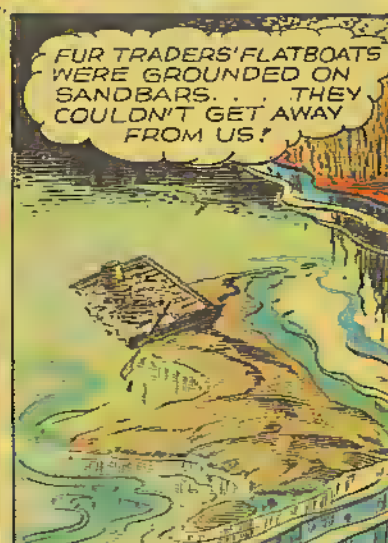
IF YOU WON'T TELL ME..



YES! I'LL TALK! BUT DON'T TOSS ME LIKE THAT AGAIN... OH, MY HEAD!



WE BROKE UP BEAVER DAMS ON THE TRIBUTARIES! THE STREAMS GUSHING DOWN MADE THE FLOOD!

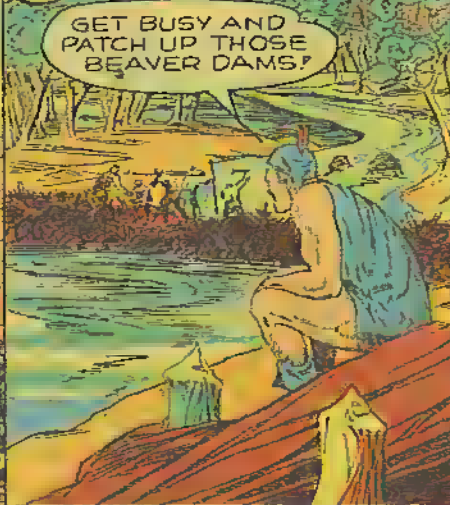


FUR TRADERS' FLATBOATS WERE GROUNDED ON SANDBARS... THEY COULDN'T GET AWAY FROM US!

HERCULES MARCHES THE PIRATES UP TO THE FEEDER STREAMS.



THERE HE SETS THEM TO WORK



GET BUSY AND PATCH UP THOSE BEAVER DAMS!

SOON AFTER THE DAMAGE IS REPAIRED, NEWS OF HERCULES' DEED GOES UP AND DOWN THE RIVER.

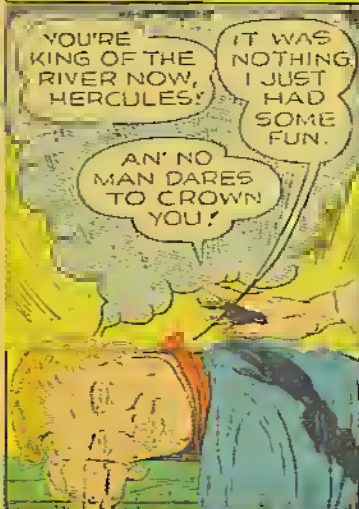


WHAT A MAN? HE BROKE UP ALL THE GANGS?

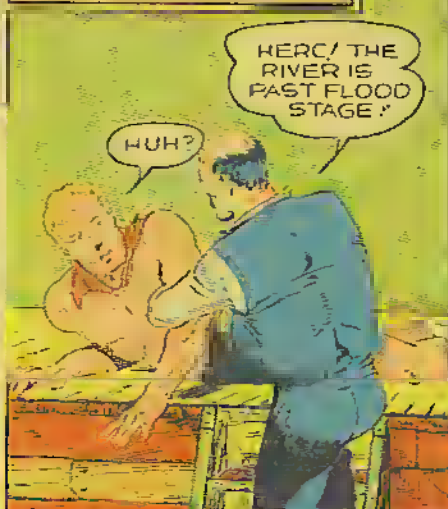
YES, AND PUT AN END TO THE FLOOD, TOO?



HERCULES IS FETED BY ALL THE BOATMEN.



SUDDENLY HERCULES IS RUDELY DETHRONED.



COTTONMOUTH SMITH AND HIS PIRATE MOB HAVE BLASTED THE DAM! THEY'RE HIDIN' OUT AT THE CREOLE HOTEL!



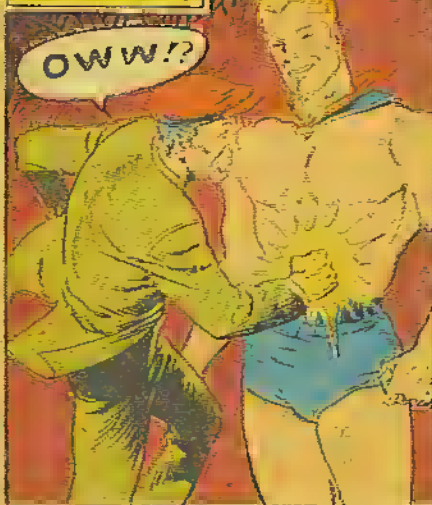
HERCULES SETS OFF AT ONCE.



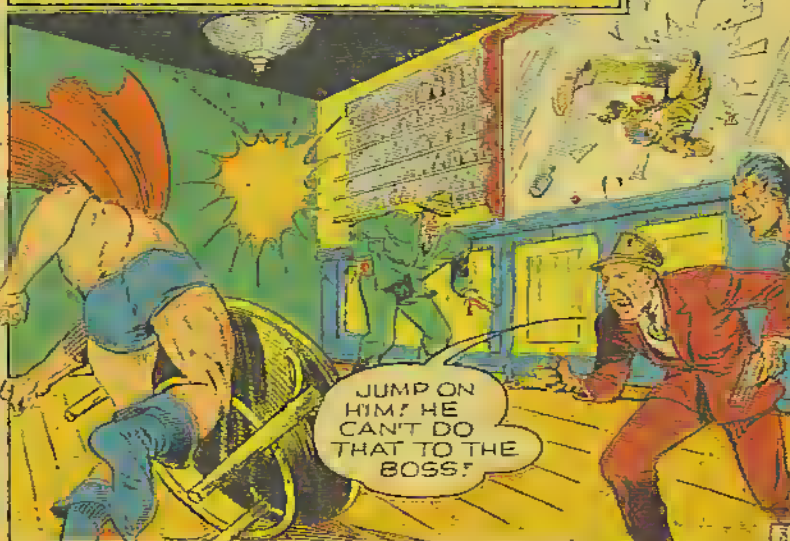
HE FINDS THE VANDALS IN THE HOTEL.

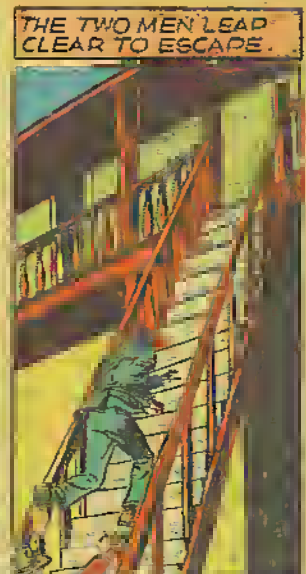


BUT SMITH DOESN'T WANT TO HEAR THE REST.



HERCULES LETS GO A TERRIFIC WALLOP.

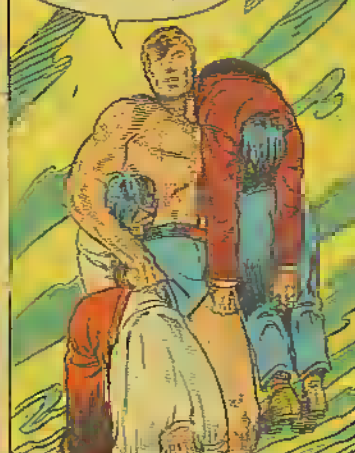




BUT HERCULES SOON THWARTS THEIR FLIGHT.



NOW I'LL TAKE YOU FOR YOUR FINAL TREATMENT!



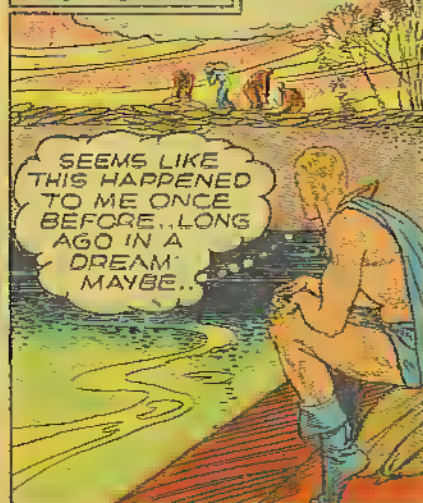
THEY REGAIN THEIR SENSES WHEN HERCULES DUNKS THEM IN THE RIVER.



THEN HE MARCHES THEM UP TO THE DAM.



THE VANDALS ARE SET TO WORK REPAIRING THEIR DESTRUCTION.



AND HERCULES BECOMES A NEW HERO ON THE MISSISSIPPI.



HERCULES SMASHES THROUGH TO NEW THRILLING ADVENTURES IN NEXT MONTH'S **HIT** COMICS.





# Betty Bates

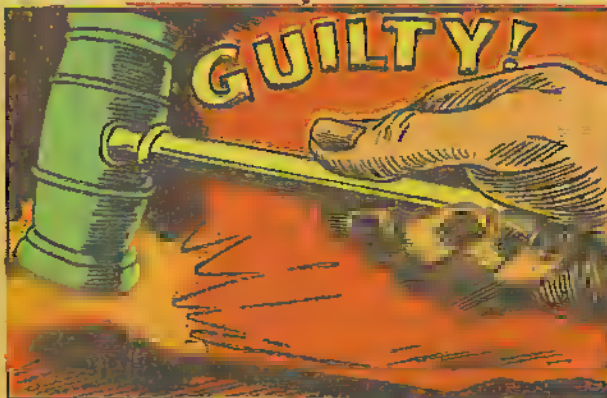
Lady  
at  
Law

Stanley Cramer

JAKE RILLING, BIG-TIME GANG BOSS, SENDS FOR HIS LAWYER.

YOU WANT TO SEE ME, JAKE?

YEAH... AND IT'S MISTER JAKE TO YOU, YA NIT-WIT MOUTHPIECE! I WANNA PAY YOU FOR SENCIN' MY BROTHER JOE TO THE JUG, DEFENSE ATTORNEY. YAH, YA YELLOW-LIVERED RAT.



TRY AND DEFEND YOURSELF FROM THIS!

AN' HE CALLED HIMSELF A LAWYER! WELL, SAM, KNOW ANYBODY ELSE WHO CAN SLICE JOE OUT OF THAT RAPP?

WHAT ABOUT BETTY BATES? NAW... SHE USES HER HEAD. YOU WANNA LAWYER WHO USES YOUR BRAINS?

H-M-M... SHE DON'T SOUND BAD, SAM. I'LL THINK IT OVER... S'LONG!



THE SCENE SHIFTS TO BETTY'S OFFICE WHERE SHE IS PHONING THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

CONGRATS ON THE RILLING VERDICT, D.A., I READ ABOUT IT.. ER..I'LL CALL YOU LATER..SOMEBODY'S COMING IN!



IT IS JAKE RILLING, NOW ACTING THE RESPECTABLE BUSINESS MAN..

I'M JOHN RILEY..PRESIDENT OF ANAWANDA COMPANY.. I'VE HEARD OF YOUR GOOD RECORD, MISS BATES.. WILL YOU ACT AS MY LEGAL REPRESENTATIVE?



BETTY IS DELIGHTED..SHE ACCEPTS AND PREPARES TO GO WITH HIM TO A COMPANY CONFERENCE.

THIS IS A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO TRY MY CORPORATION LAW, MR. RILEY!



AFTER A SHORT DRIVE. . .

HERE WE ARE!



WHEN BETTY STEPS INTO HIS OFFICE..

YA DON'T NEED THE GUN, SAM! MISS BATES IS SMART.. SHE'LL DO LIKE WE SAY AND GET A NEW TRIAL FER JOE. WON'T YOU?



THE RILLING GANG! WELL,I'LL CATCH THIS FLY WITH HONEY!

ER..YES, MR. RILEY!



THIS IS YOUR OFFICE.. FIGURE OUT A NEW DEFENSE FER JOE RILLING! THERE'S A GUARD OUT HERE TO WATCH YOU!



AT THE CLOSE OF JOE'S RETRIAL

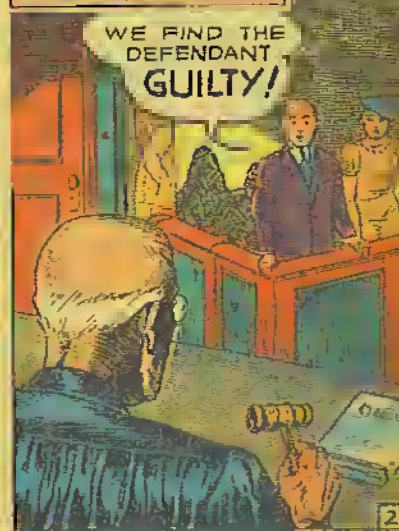
IN SUMMATION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY..

THAT DAME AIN'T CONVINCING THE JURY! WELL, IF SHE DON'T GET JOE FREE, SHE CAN START PRAYIN'!



THE JURY RETURNS WITH THE VERDICT. . .

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY!





AS BETTY LEAVES THE COURT, HER FRIEND THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY, STOPS HER.



LOST YOUR CASE, BETTY? YOU SLIPPING? MAYBE IT'S THE COMPANY YOU KEEP!

BEFORE BETTY CAN ANSWER, RILLING CLOSES IN ON HER.



THE WAY BETTY LOOKED AT ME... AND THAT RILLING GUY... SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT LITTLE GIRL IS IN DANGER!



ON THE COURT STEPS BETTY MAKES A DESPERATE BREAK, BUT...



COME BACK HERE! IF YOU DON'T, I'LL SHOOT INTO THE CROWD!

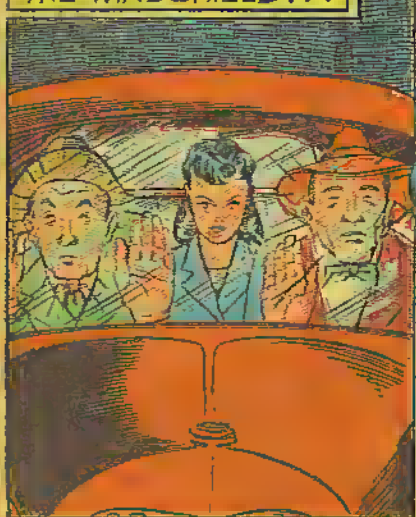
YOU WOULDN'T WANT A MURDER ON YOUR CONSCIENCE, WOULD YOU? GET IN!



BUT ONCE ON THEIR WAY, BETTY'S HAND SLIPS TO THE BRAKE.



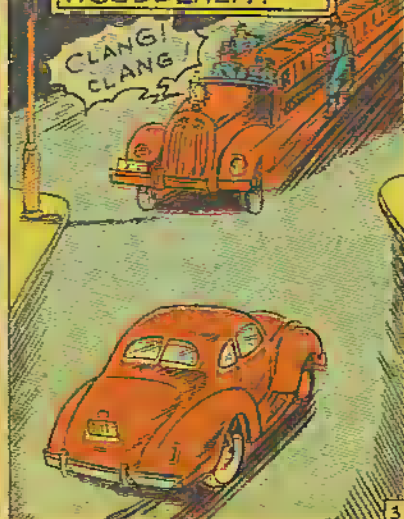
SHE YANKS IT BACK. THE CROOKS KISS THE WINDSHIELD...



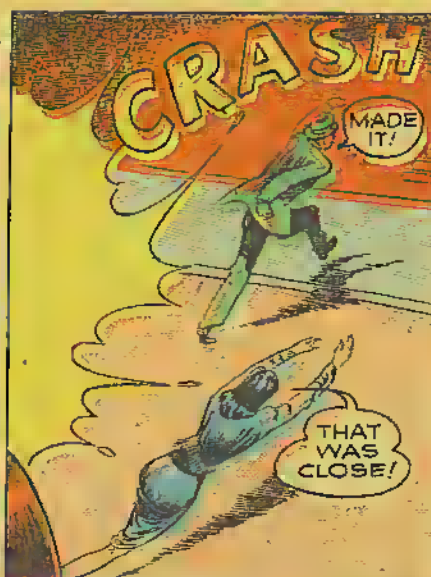
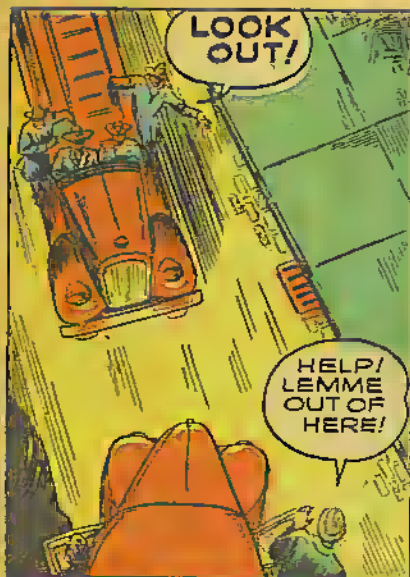
DESPERATELY SHE BATTLES WITH THE HALF-DAZED MEN.



THE CAR SWERVES ACROSS THE ROAD... SUDDENLY...



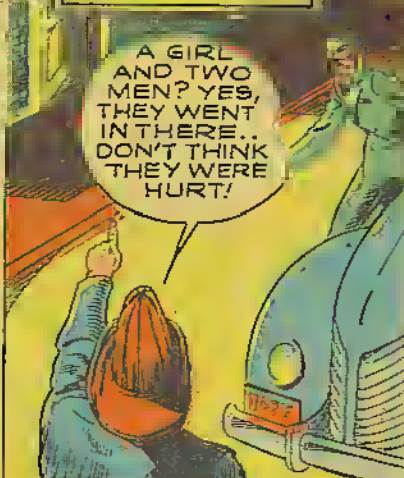




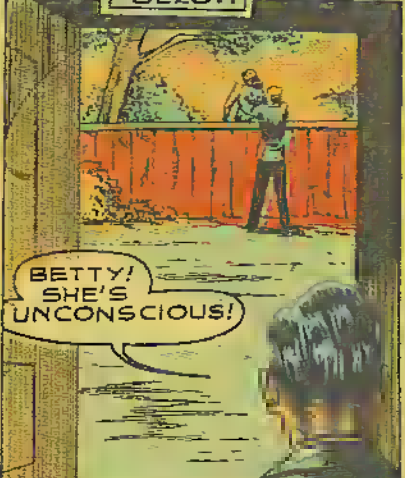
KNOCKED OUT BY A SWIFT BLOW, BETTY IS CARRIED THROUGH THE DARK HALL.



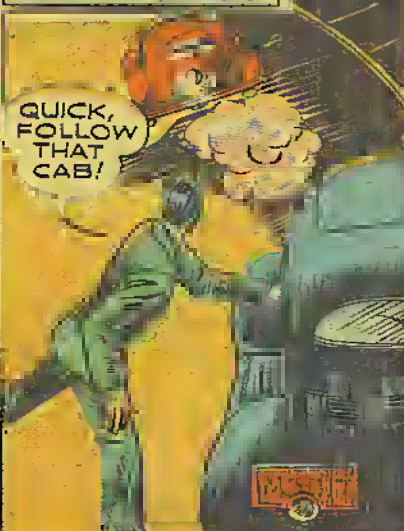
THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY ARRIVES AT THE SCENE OF THE CRASH.



PUSHING THROUGH TO THE BACK DOOR, HE SEES..

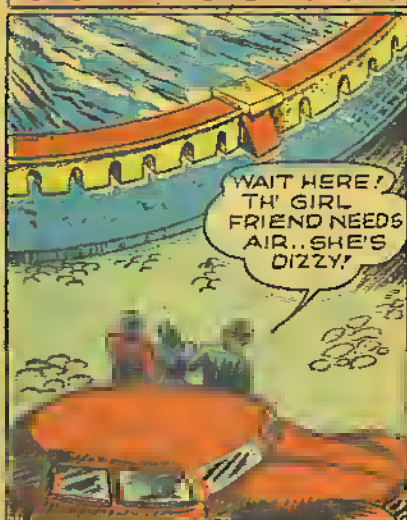


AS THE CROOKS DRIVE OFF...





THE CROOKS' CAB STOPS AT THE TOP OF THE HUGE DAM.



THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS FRANTIC AS HE SEES BETTY LED TO THE EDGE.



THE COLD WIND REVIVES BETTY. SHE STARES BELOW IN TERROR.



BUT THE ODDS ARE AGAINST BETTY.



THAT TAXI DRIVER SAW TOO MUCH! HURRY, BEFORE HE GETS AWAY IN HIS CAB!



THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY LEAPS TO THE RAIL.



HE FINDS BETTY STILL CLINGING TO THE LEDGE.







BEFORE THEY VISIT RILLING, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY STOPS AT A PHONE BOOTH.

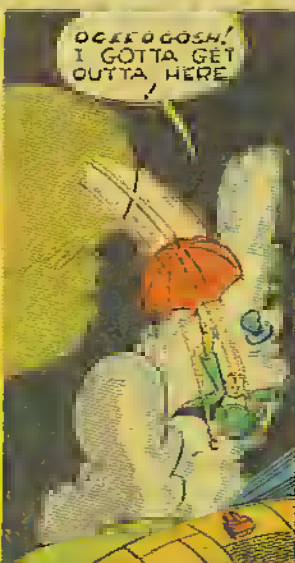


BETTY AND THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY ARRIVE AT THE SAME TIME AS THE POLICE.



THE POLICE BURST IN AND WHIP INTO A SHORT BUT TERRIFIC BATTLE WITH THE GANG.







# The Strange TWINS

by  
S. M.  
REDI



RODNEY AND DOUGLAS STRANGE  
COME TO AMERICA FROM THEIR  
ADVENTURES IN THE ORIENT.  
THEY SAIL UNDER THE  
GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE.

I'LL MEET  
YOU AT THE  
CUSTOMS, ROD.  
YOU COME DOWN  
WITH WING LOW.

DOUG DESCENDS  
THE GANGPLANK  
ALONE...  
SO THIS IS  
SAN  
FRANCISCO.



BUT DOUG  
NEVER  
REACHES  
THE  
CUSTOMS  
OFFICIALS.  
AS HE  
PASSES  
A HUGE  
PACKING  
CASE..

WHA'?



WHEN ROD LEAVES THE SHIP HE IS MISTAKEN FOR HIS BROTHER DOUGLAS.



ROD, WHOSE PAST WAS ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE LAW, STALLS THEM OFF.



THAT EVENING THE SAN FRANCISCO PAPERS PRINT THE NEWS OF THE SCOTLAND YARD ARRIVAL.



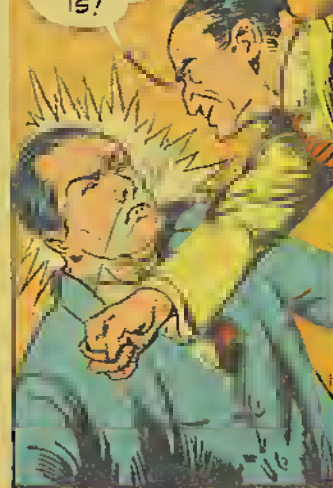
MEANWHILE... AT THE OTHER END OF TOWN, DOUGLAS IS DRAGGED FROM A CRATE.



WELL, WELL, IF IT AIN'T ROD STRANGE. LIMEHOUSE LEW ASKED US TO MEET YOU AND...



"GIVE YOU HIS LOVE! HERE IT IS!"



IN ROD'S HOTEL ROOM...

WE'VE GOT TO FIND DOUG! WHERE...?

MANY OLD ENEMIES HERE IN CHINA TOWN. MAYBE MISTAKEN FOR YOU!



JUST THEN THE CAPTAIN OF THE POLICE FORCE WALKS IN...

INSPECTOR, I KNOW YOU'RE ON VACATION BUT WE NEED YOUR HELP. THERE'S A LONDON CROOK OPERATING AROUND HERE!



LIMEHOUSE LEW, EH? THAT SHOULDN'T BE HARD... HE'D BE AROUND ANY OPIUM DEN... I USED TO KNOW HIM... ER THAT IS... SENT HIM TO JAIL ONCE.





BETTER I GO FIRST TO CHINATOWN... I KNOW LIMEHOUSE LEW'S GANG! MY PERSON WON'T BE AS CONSPICUOUS AS YOURS...

GOOD IDEA, WING!

WING TRUDGES THROUGH THE NARROW STREETS... AT LAST HIS SLANT EYES CATCH A FAMILIAR FIGURE...

HE FOLLOWS INTO A SHOP...

"WILL THE WASH I'M ON LEW'S TRAIL!"

BUT...

BY MY HONORABLE ANCESTORS/SOME ONE COMES... I'M TRAPPED!

YEAH.. WE GOT HIM, JOE!

THAT'S GOOD.. LIMEHOUSE HAS BEEN LAYIN' FOR STRANGE FOR YEARS.. WHERE IS HE?

WE GOT HIM OVER AT JOHN LEE'S PLACE.. 17 1/2 HONG STREET!

WHEN THEY LEAVE...

MUST PHONE RODNEY QUICK.. HIS DOUBLE IN BAD TROUBLE!

MEANWHILE AT 17 1/2 HONG STREET..

DIS GUY AIN'T ROD.. I SEEN A PICTURE OF A GUY WHAT LOOKED JUST LIKE HIM IN DE PAPER! HE WUZ DETECTIVE DOUG TRANGE!

AIN'T NO USE KEEPIN' YOU HERE FOR LIMEHOUSE, AND YOU KNOW TOO MUCH ALREADY TO LIVE!



BEFORE THE DEADLY KNIFE CAN PLUNGE, ROD STRANGE BREAKS INTO THE ROOM...



THE FIGHT'S ON...

SORRY YOU HAD TO SUFFER FOR MY SAKE, DOUG!

IT WAS WORTH IT TO HAD THIS GANG, ROD.



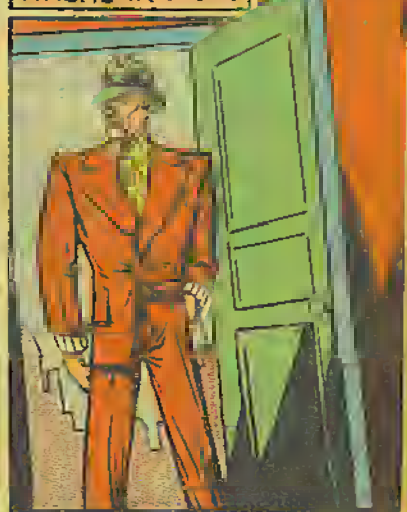
GOOD THING YOU WERE ONCE MIXED UP WITH THIS CROWD, ROD... I MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GONER IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW THEIR HAUNTS AND HABITS!



THE BATTLE RAGES WILDLY. SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS...



LIMEHOUSE LEW WALKS IN...



BUT HE TURNS AT ONCE AND SNEAKS INTO AN ALLEY...



IDIOTS! HOW'D THEY LET THE BOTH OF THEM IN?

HILL SEE THAT, THERE HAIN'T TWO STRANGE TWINS MUCH LONGER!



OLD WING LOW HAS NOT JOINED THE FIGHT, BUT IS ALERT FOR DANGER...





SEIZING A SMILING  
IDOL, WING TOSSES  
IT.



THE PORCELAIN  
SKULL CRASHES  
AGAINST THE  
CROOK'S CRANIUM.



AND THE SMILING IDOL  
SCOWLS AS IT FALLS INTO  
BITS BESIDE LIMEHOUSE  
LEW.



ROD GRABS THE  
COCKNEY'S COLLAR.



AND BRUSH  
YOU OFF!

HEY!



JUST THEN..

NOT SO MUCH NOISE UP  
HERE.. THE NEIGHBORS..  
WHY, INSPECTOR  
STRANGE! IT'S YOU!



THE BATTERED  
CROOKS GIVE UP.



LIMEHOUSE LEW!  
I HATE TO CUT YOUR  
VISIT TO OUR COUNTRY  
SHORT, BUT I'LL BE  
GLAD TO WATCH THAT  
BOAT PULL OUT WHEN  
YOU'RE DEPORTED!



PLEASE ACCEPT OUR  
GRATITUDE AND THIS  
MEDAL FOR YOUR  
VOLUNTARY SERVICE  
TO AMERICA.. THE  
UNITED STATES  
WELCOMES SUCH  
VISITORS AS YOU!



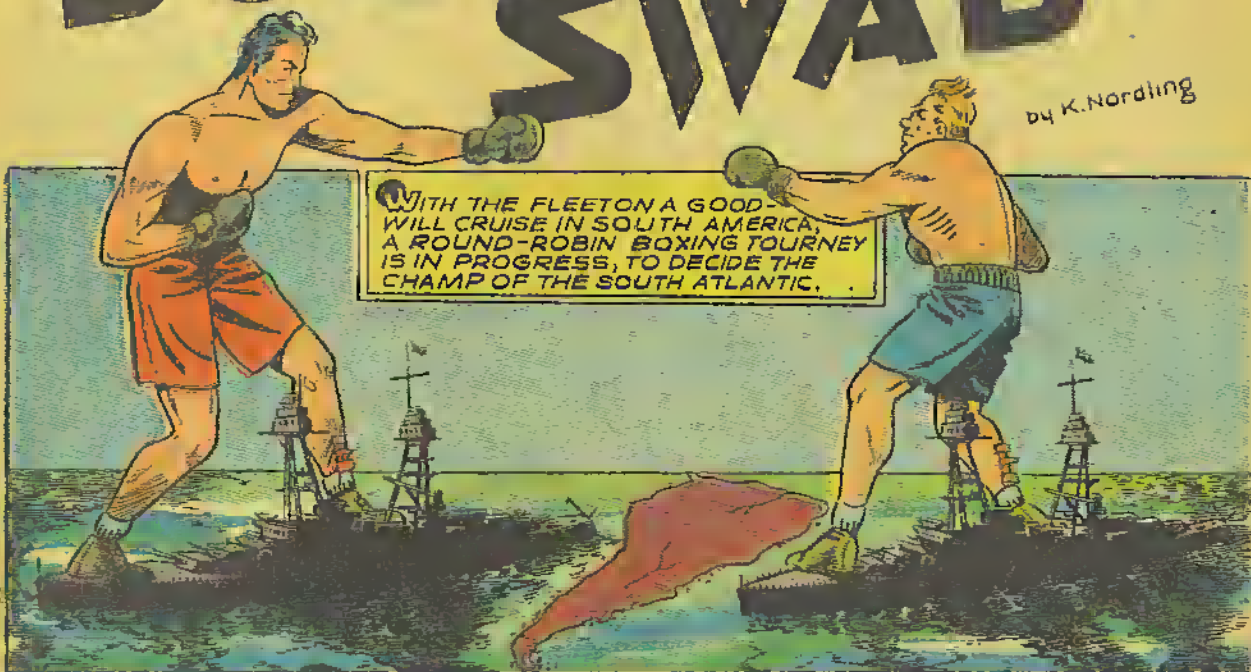
GET MOVING,  
BOYS.. THE  
STATION HOUSE  
IS JUST AROUND  
THE CORNER!

MORE ADVENTURE WITH THE STRANGE  
TWIN IS IN THE NEXT HIT COMICS

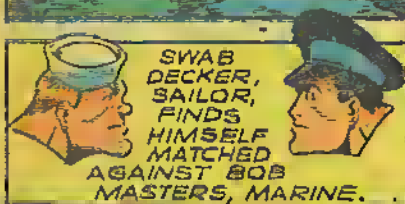


# BOB and SIVAB

by K. Nordling



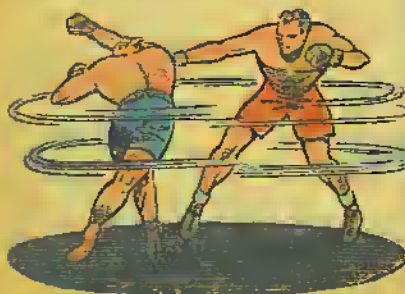
WITH THE FLEET ON A GOOD-  
WILL CRUISE IN SOUTH AMERICA,  
A ROUND-ROBIN BOXING TOURNEY  
IS IN PROGRESS, TO DECIDE THE  
CHAMP OF THE SOUTH ATLANTIC.



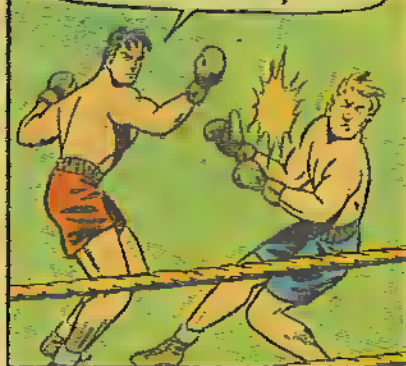
SWAB  
DECKER,  
SAILOR,  
FINDS  
HIMSELF  
MATCHED  
AGAINST BOB  
MASTERS, MARINE.



ONE WEARY ROUND  
FOLLOWS ANOTHER  
AS THEY BATTLE  
FURIOUSLY.



AT LAST I CAN TEAR YOUR  
HEAD OFF LEGALLY!



YA MEAN  
LIKE THIS?



UNTIL THE FINAL STANZA.

THE DECISION.. A DRAW!



A DRAW! FAUGH! WAIT'LL  
I MEET THAT LITTLE  
APE AGAIN!





SWAB WANDERS GLOOMILY AROUND THE TOWN.



EET EES WELL THAT YOU ARE DISGUST..THE COUNTRY THAT I AM REPRESENT CAN USE SUCH MARINERS AS YOU, SENOR!



THE GREAT CAREER AWAITS YOU EEN THE NAVAL SERVICE OF ANOTHER COUNTRY.. MEET ME EEN ONE HOUR AT THE SUNSET GATE! AOIOS!



PUZZLED AND INTRIGUED, SWAB GOES TO HIS MYSTERIOUS RENDEZVOUS.

I CAN OFFER YOU ZE RANK OF SENIOR LIEUTENANT.. WEETH GOOD PENSION AFTER ZE WAR!



THIS IS A NEW RACKET ON ME.. I'LL SOFT-SOAP HIM ALONG.. MAYBE I CAN UNCORK SOME-THING HOT!



YEAH.. SOUNDS GOOD

THEN WE GO TO OUR HEAD-QUARTERS, SI?



FAR OUT OF TOWN, THEY COME UPON THE RETREAT..



YOU SHALL MEET ANUDDER YANKEE VE HAF RECRUITED!



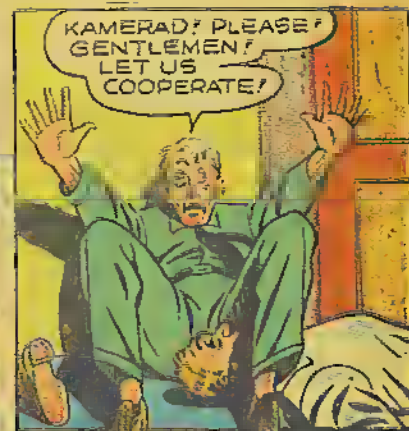
HIMMEL! YOU KNOW EACH ODDER?



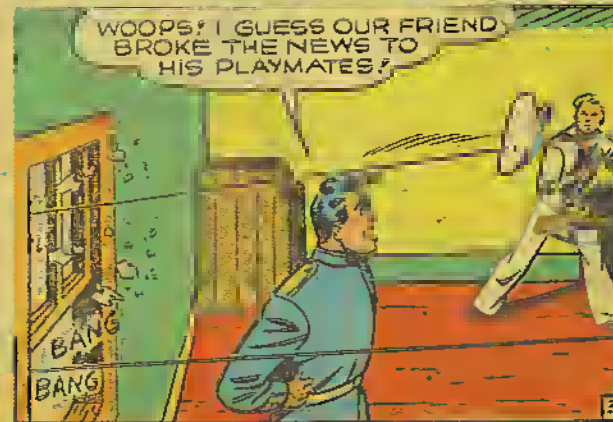
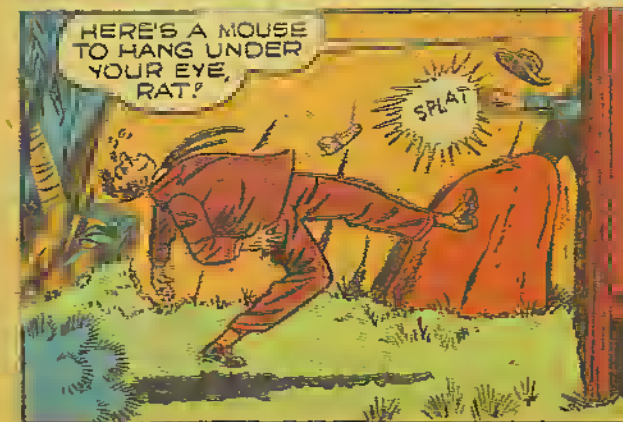
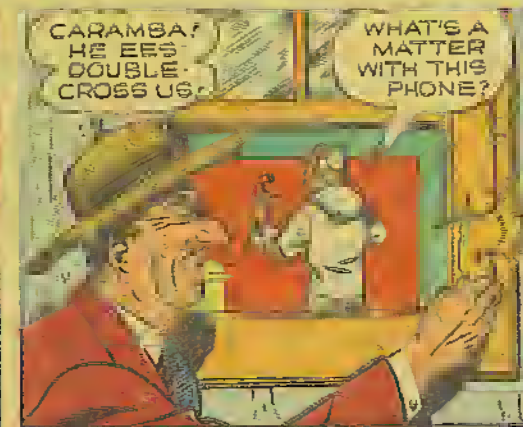
YEAH.. WE'RE OLD FRIENDS!







THE TWO MARINERS TAKE A WALK  
AROUND THE SMALL ESTATE.





WE CAN HOLD 'EM OFF FOR WEEKS IN THIS LITTLE ARMORY!

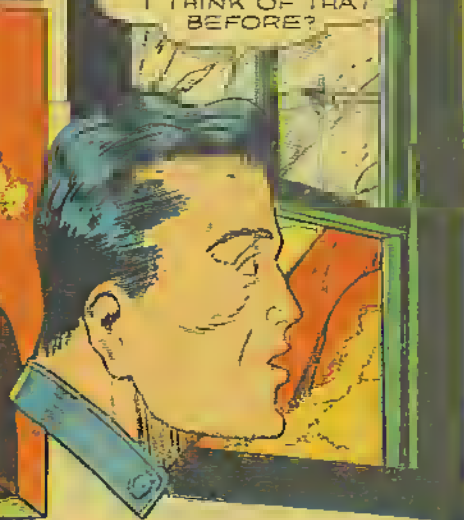


BUT AFTER SEVERAL TIRE-SOME HOURS:

GOLLY! I'M GETTIN' HUNGRY! WE HAVE TO GET SOME HELP!



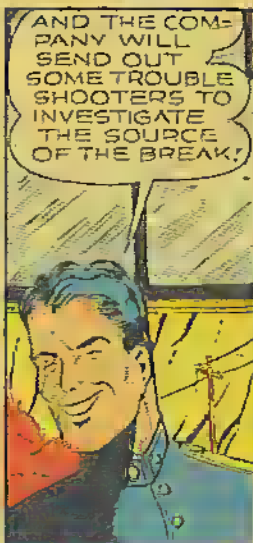
THOSE TELEPHONE WIRES? WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE?



I'LL CHOP UP A LINE!



AND THE COMPANY WILL SEND OUT SOME TROUBLE SHOOTERS TO INVESTIGATE THE SOURCE OF THE BREAK!



AH! DOT CABIN MUST BE DESTROYED! SET FIRE TO IT!



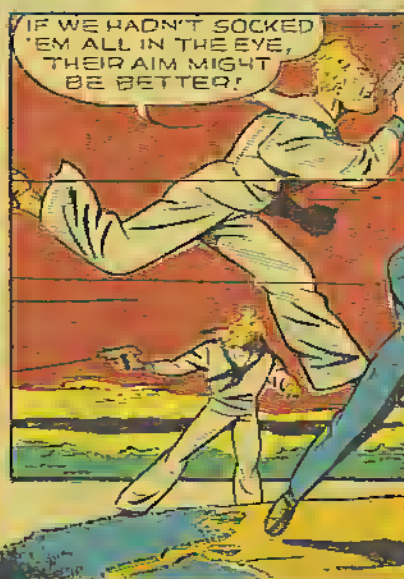
ONE MAN SNEAKS AROUND TO THE BACK, AND SOON HUNGRY FLAMES LICK AT THE DRY TIMBER.



HOLY SMOKE! RUN FOR IT, BEFORE THE FLAMES REACH THE AMMUNITION!



IF WE HADN'T SOCKED 'EM ALL IN THE EYE, THEIR AIM MIGHT BE BETTER!



THIS PASS IS THE ONLY EXIT...WE CAN HOLD 'EM OFF ON THESE ROCKS!



OUT OF THE TROPIC SKY A PLANE SCOOT'S OVERHEAD, SEEKING THE DAMAGED TELEPHONE LINE.



DRAIT IT.. NO MORE BULLETS! AND IT'S GETTIN' DARK! THEY'LL GET AWAY IN THEIR CARS!



LET'S GET RIGHT DOWN BY THE PASS AND PICK 'EM OFF WITH OUR FISTS!



AS QUIETLY AS POSSIBLE, THEY TAKE CARE OF EACH CULPRIT WHEN HE STEPS THROUGH THE PASS.



OWOO! WHY DON'CHA WATCH WHERE YOU HANG YOUR PAWS?

SOON THE POLICE AND THE MILITIA ARRIVE ON THE SCENE.

THESE STIFFS ARE AGENTS, ILLEGALLY RECRUITING MEN INTO THE SERVICE OF A FOREIGN WARRING GOVERNMENT, SIR!



AND SHORE LIBERTY IS OVER FOR OUR TWO HEROES.. BACK ABOARD THEIR BATTLE-WAGON THEY GO.



TO SAIL INTO NEW ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF... **HIT GOMICS.**



# LION BOY

By  
Merton  
Holmes

LOST AS A BABY ON THE  
VELDT, LION BOY IS REARED  
BY A FAMILY OF LIONS...

HE KNOWS THE SPEECH  
OF BEASTS AND CAN  
LIVE IN THE WILDS AS EASILY  
AS ANY ANIMAL.

HUMAN CONTACT HAS  
TAUGHT HIM CIVILIZED  
WAYS TOO, BUT LION  
BOY PREFERS THE  
BEASTS, BECAUSE OF  
THIS ADVENTURE THAT  
BEFELL HIM.

WHAT WE  
WANT IS SKINS,  
BIFF. I'VE A SCHEME  
TO GET 'EM WITH-  
OUT ANY  
TROUBLE  
OR DANGER  
AT ALL!



COME ON,  
BIFF, TO THE  
BIG WATER  
HOLE!

HURRY UP,  
MAC! WE  
CAN'T  
TAKE  
ALL DAY  
AT THIS!

WHAT'S  
THAT?

JUST  
A BABOON!  
COME ON, WE'LL  
RETURN  
TOMORROW!



MEANWHILE LION BOY IS JUST WAKING UP FROM AN AFTER-NOON NAP. . .



JUST AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO DRINK.



YOU FOOL, BABU! LOOK WHAT YOU DID! IT'S SO MUDDY WE CAN'T DRINK IT!



COME THEN.. SHOW ME!!!



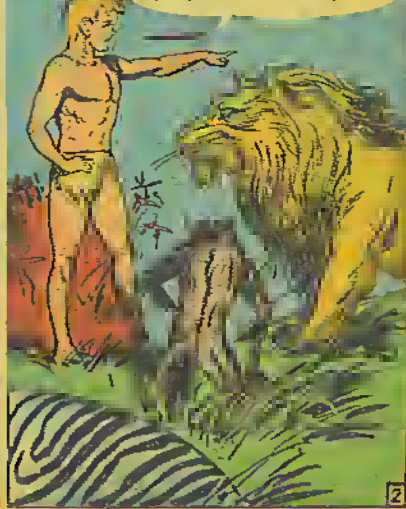
BABU, HE'S DEAD! POISONED!



SO THAT'S IT! SOME COWARDLY HUMAN HAS POISONED THE WATER! I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON HE'LL NEVER FORGET!



GUARD THE WATER HOLE, TAMAR.. DON'T LET ANYONE DRINK!

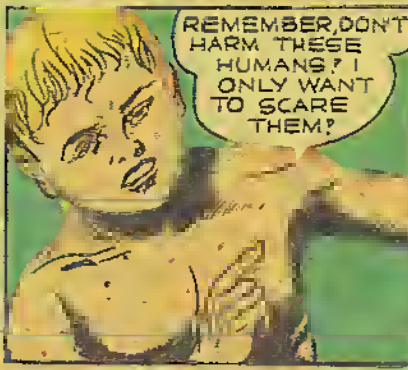




LION BOY HASTENS TO WARN HIS FRIENDS OF THE POISONED WATER HOLE.



THAT EVENING...



REMEMBER, DON'T HARM THESE HUMANS? I ONLY WANT TO SCARE THEM?



YOU ALL KNOW WHAT TO DO... WE GO TO THE WATER HOLE NOW!



QUIET! HERE THEY COME!



IF WE'RE LUCKY, WE'LL GET PLENTY OF SKINS...MAYBE EVEN A LION!



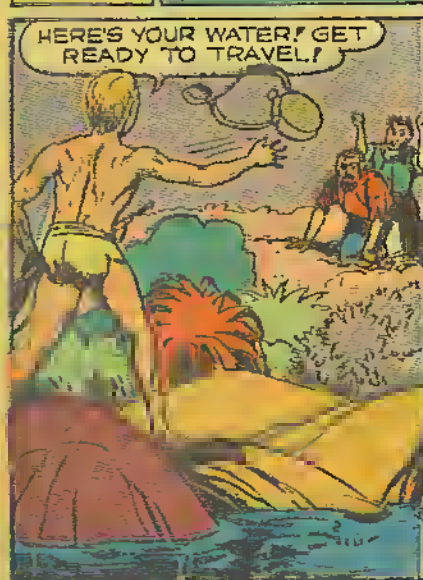
HOLY SMOKE? BIFF, LOOK YONDER! THERE'S A FORTUNE IN HIDES!

IT WORKED, MAC!



GET OUT YOUR KNIFE AN' HELP ME SKIN 'EM!

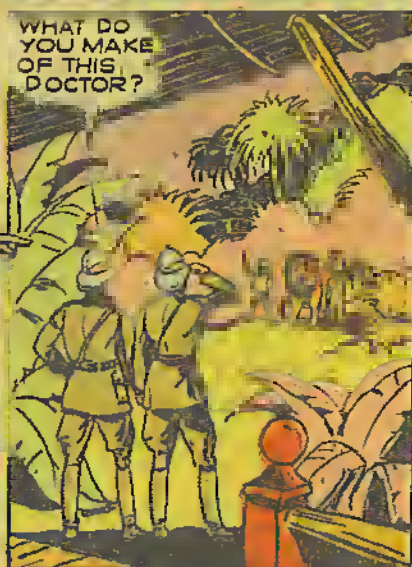








A FEW HOURS LATER AT THE ARMY POST NEARBY...



SO THEY POISONED THE WATER AND THEN GOT SOME OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!



AND BESIDES THIS, YOU'LL EACH GET TEN YEARS!



WE SCARED THEM. THEY'LL NEVER TRY THAT AGAIN!





The

# RED BEE

BY T. H.  
APIARY

THE HEALTH OF INNOCENT CHILDREN  
IS ENDANGERED BY THE LACK OF  
MILK... THE RED BEE INVESTIGATES  
AND FERRETS OUT THESE SABOTEURS  
OF CHILDHOOD... MILK RACKETEERS...



AN EARLY MORNING MILK TRAIN SPEEDS TOWARD THE CITY. SUDDENLY,

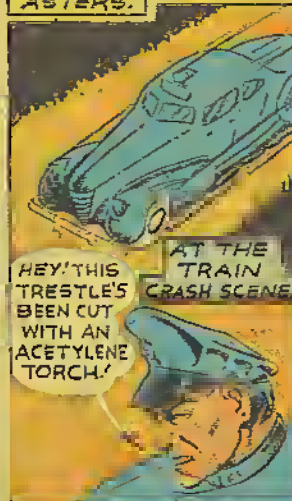
AT THE FOOT OF A STEEP HILL, HUGE TRACTOR VANS PILE UP ON EACH OTHER. THEY, TOO, CARRY MILK.

IMMEDIATELY POLICE SPEED TO THE DISASTERS.

AND AT THE HILL, AFTER A CHECK-UP.



WE'RE DIVING OFF THE TRESTLE!



HEY! THIS TRESTLE'S BEEN CUT WITH AN ACETYLENE TORCH!

AT THE TRAIN CRASH SCENE.



THE BRAKES WERE TAMPERED WITH!

D.J. HAMMOND, PRESIDENT OF DAIRYTON MILK, SUMMONS THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND HIS ASSISTANT RALEIGH.



IT'S RACKETEERS I TELL YOU!

RICK TURNS TO THE WINDOW, AND.

SURE IT'S RACKETEERS! THERE'S A MOB OF 'EM BELOW... H-M-M... THIS CONCEALED MICROPHONE BEHIND THE CURTAIN...



THEY'RE TAKING IN THIS CONVERSATION!

ER... EXCUSE ME... I MUST MAKE A PHONE CALL!



RALEIGH DASHES TO THE STREET. AS THE RED BEE, HE PREPARES FOR ACTION.

NOW, MICHAEL, YOU BUZZ THOSE MUGS AWAY FROM THE RECEIVER!



GOOD PROGRAM, EH, BOYS... PHUP? A BEE! OUCH!



AND MICHAEL THE BEE, RELEASED FROM THE RED BEE'S BELT, GETS IN HIS WORK...

THE THUGS TRY TO CATCH MICHAEL, BUT



WHAT THE... HEY! WHO ARE YOU?

YOU'LL FIND OUT!





QUICKLY THE RED BEE WADES THROUGH THE MOB.



NOW, YOU, TALK? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

M-ME, I D-DON'T KNOW NOthin'! HONEST I DON'T! LEMME GO?

SINCE NOBODY WILL TALK, I'LL FIND OUT FOR MYSELF!

THIS IS THEIR CAR... WITH AN ACETYLENE TORCH ON THE FLOOR!



OH OH! HERE COME THE COPPERS, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO LEAVE!



WHILE THE POLICE CORRAL THE THUGS, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY COMES DOWN GROWLING.



RALEIGH! WHERE IN THUNDER DID HE DISAPPEAR TO AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

MEANWHILE DAIRYMEN BEMOAN THE SPILT MILK AND WONDER HOW TO GET FUTURE SHIPMENTS TO MARKET.



...AND THE CHILDREN... THEY SUFFER WITHOUT MILK!

WE'LL SHIP MILK OURSELVES BY TRUCK!

MEANWHILE THE RED BEE SETS OUT BY HANDCAR, UP THE TRACKS TO THE RICH DAIRY COUNTRY...



THE THUGS, ANTICIPATING THE MILK FARMERS' PLAN, SEND RACKETEERS TO FOIL IT.



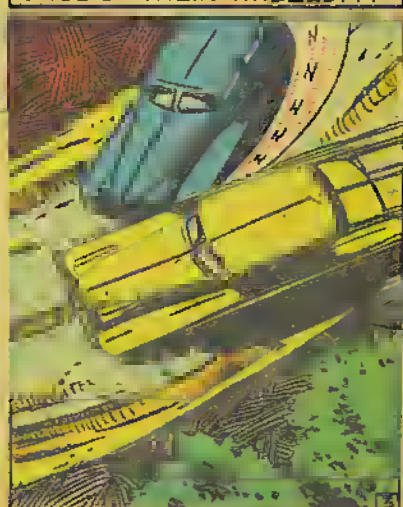
WE'LL WRECK EVERY DAIRY BARN IN THE PLACE!

THEY SKIRT THE RAILROAD TRACK AND...

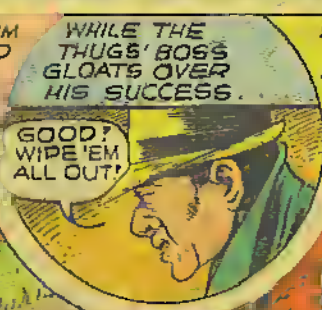
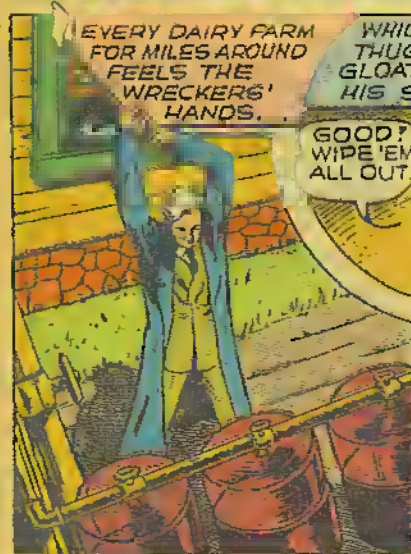


GO TO IT, MICHAEL! STOP THOSE MEN!

THE BUZZING BEE CAUSES THE DRIVERS TO LOSE CONTROL OF THEIR WHEELS.







SOON THE DAM-  
AGE IS COMPLETE  
.. BARNS, FODDER  
AND LIVESTOCK  
ARE DESTROYED.



SECONDS LATER, MICHAEL  
LEADS A SWARM OF ANGRY  
BEES AGAINST THE MOB.



RED BEE PUNCTUATES EACH  
BEE STING WITH TELLING  
BLOWS OF HIS OWN.





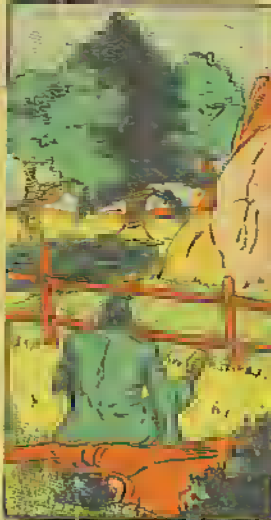
AT T-THE OLD MILL  
BY THE RIVER? M-  
MISTER, D-DON'T  
TELL NOBODY I  
TALKED?



THANKS?  
COME  
-ALONG,  
MICHAEL?



RED BEE JUMPS INTO  
THE THUGS' CAR.



AND SPURTS DOWN THE DIRT  
ROAD..MICHAEL LEADING HIS  
BEE ARMY ALONGSIDE.



CAUTIOUSLY THE RED BEE TRIES -  
THE CREAKING DOOR.



INSIDE.

THOSE VATS ARE  
FULL OF MILK? NO?  
IT'S NOT MILK? IT'S  
RIVER WATER,  
WHITENED WITH  
CHEMICALS?



SUDDENLY THE MEN SEE THE RED  
BEE..



THIS HOSE OF  
LIVE STEAM  
WILL FIX THAT  
SNOOPER?

BUT MICHAEL AND HIS COHORTS  
COME.



AWK?  
WHAT'S  
THAT  
BUZZIN'?

BEEES??

RIGHT,  
FELLA!



AND HERE'S  
ANOTHER STING  
FOR GOOD  
MEASURE?





THINKING THE RED BEE DEAD,  
ONE CROOK TURNS OFF THE  
HOT STEAM VALVE.



O.K., MEN,  
GIT BACK  
TO WORK!

BUT THE RED BEE IS VERY  
MUCH ALIVE.



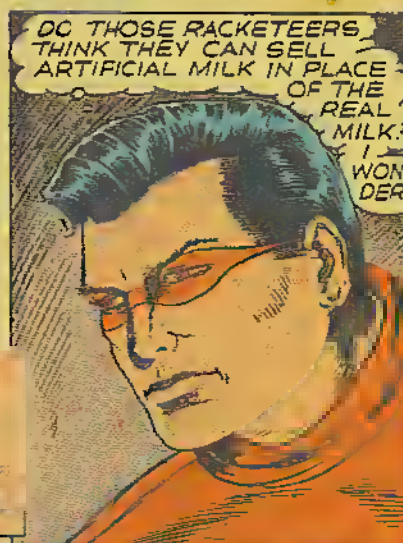
SORRY  
TO SPOIL  
YOUR  
PLANS!

BUT I'VE SOME  
BUSINESS OF MY  
OWN!



AND THIS IS PART  
ONE...I'M WRECK-  
ING THIS  
PHONEY MILK  
PLANT!

SWIFTLY  
THE RED  
BEE  
REDUCES  
THE MILL  
TO A  
PULVERIZER



DO THOSE RACKETEERS  
THINK THEY CAN SELL  
ARTIFICIAL MILK IN PLACE  
OF THE REAL  
MILK?  
I WON-  
DER?



JUST THEN A CAR ROLLS UP  
TO THE MILL.

WHAT'S  
ALL THE  
COMMOTION?

THE DRIVER ENTERS THE MILL.



WHAT???  
THE RED  
BEE??!



YES, D.J. HAMMOND, PRESI-  
DENT OF DAIRYTON MILK...  
YOU WERE GOING TO SELL  
THIS FAKE STUFF FOR MILK,  
WEREN'T YOU? YOUR  
MOB WRECKED THE  
REAL SUPPLY TO OPEN  
THE MARKET?

LATER..



WELL,  
D.A., HEAR  
THE  
LATEST?

YES, RICK, I'LL  
BE DARNED IF  
THE RED BEE  
DIDN'T SOLVE  
THE MILK CASE  
BEFORE WE  
COULD!

THE RED BEE WHIZZES  
THROUGH A NEW THRILLER IN  
NEXT MONTH'S **DOIT** COMICS.



# The OLD WITCH

By Pierre Winter



CORNWALL IS A SAILORS' PORT. FROM HERE CLIPPERS PLIED THE TRADE ROUTES TO THE ORIENT AND RETURNED WITH SILKS, SPICES, AND LEGENDS OF AWE AND SUPERSTITION.

ON THE STORM-SWEPT CORNISH COAST STAND THE OLD WITCH'S HOUSE

THRILL-SEEKING VISITORS COME TO HEAR THE AGED CRONE'S TALE.

LISTEN TO THAT NOISE OUTSIDE! FOLLOW ME... I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT IT IS!

THE GUESTS GASP AT WHAT THEY SEE...

A CLIPPER SHIP!

BUT IT WASN'T THERE BEFORE!

NO... IT WASN'T THERE BEFORE... NOR HAS IT BEEN THERE FOR MANY YEARS... IT IS THE GHOST OF AN ANCIENT CLIPPER SHIP!



AT THE HEIGHT OF THE INDIES TRADE, A YOUNG CORNISHMAN, BEN LATHAM, SIGNS ABOARD A CLIPPER SAILING EAST.



HE GOES AS THIRD MATE ON THE FLYING GULL... THE MOST MAJESTIC SHIP THAT EVER SPREAD HER SAILS!



BEN MAKES FRIENDS WITH 'OLD NEEDLES', THE SAIL-MENDER.



FROM HIM BEN LEARNS THE LEGEND OF THE FLYING GULL.



THE GHOST GUIDES OUR SHIP IN ALL WEATHER. WE'D SINK WITH-OUT HIM!



SUDDENLY THE BURLY FIRST MATE, GRUFF, APPEARS.



FURIOUSLY HE SENDS THE DEFENSELESS SAIL-MENDER FLYING...



THERE MUST BE TRUTH IN THAT STORY IF THE FIRST MATE GOT SO PEEVED ABOUT IT! HE HATES NEEDLES!

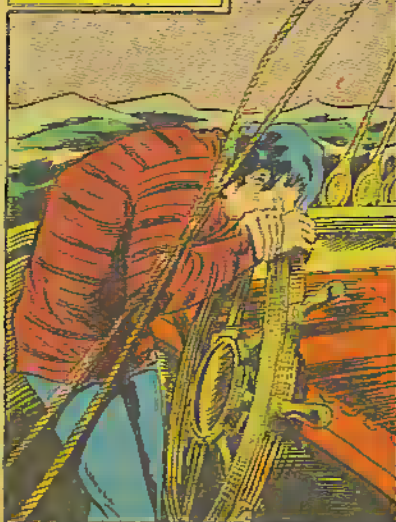


THAT NIGHT, BEN STANDS LONE WATCH AT THE WHEEL... A TERRIBLE STORM RAGES.

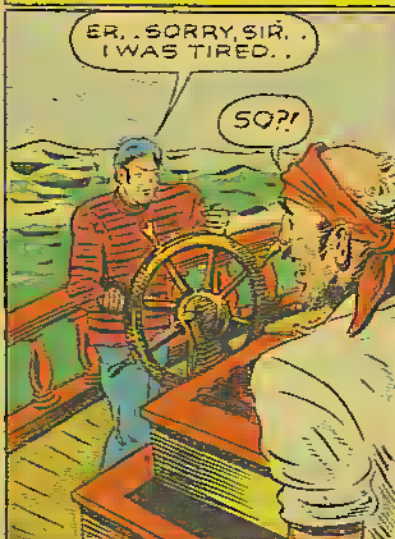




BEN IS OVER-TIRED. HE DOZES AT THE WHEEL.



BUT HE IS RUDELY AWAKENED.



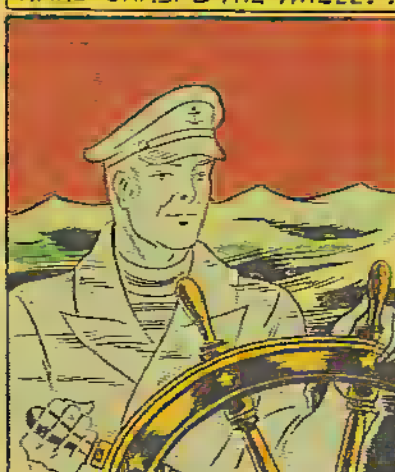
THE FIRST MATE POUNDS BEN CRUELLY.



WITH NO ONE AT THE WHEEL, THE FLYING GULL HEADS FOR JAGGED ROCKS.



DOOM SEEMS INEVITABLE UNTIL SUDDENLY A GHOSTLY HAND GRASPS THE WHEEL.



NEXT MORNING... YOU'VE SEEN THE GHOST



THE CREW FOLLOWS OLD NEEDLES EAGERLY. THEY TOO HAVE SUFFERED UNDER GRUFF'S CRUEL TREATMENT.



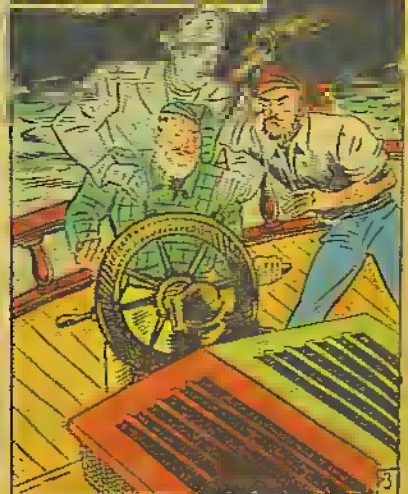
GRUFF STARTS A FIRE IN THE HOLD AS A RETALIATION FOR THE REVOLT.



BUT BEN PUTS IT OUT...

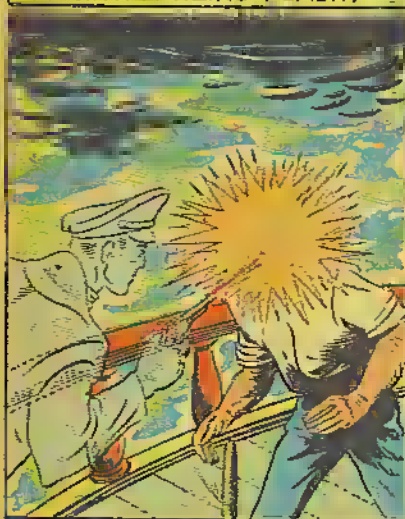


FURIOUSLY GRUFF CREEPS UP BEHIND NEEDLES. MURDER IN HIS EYES.





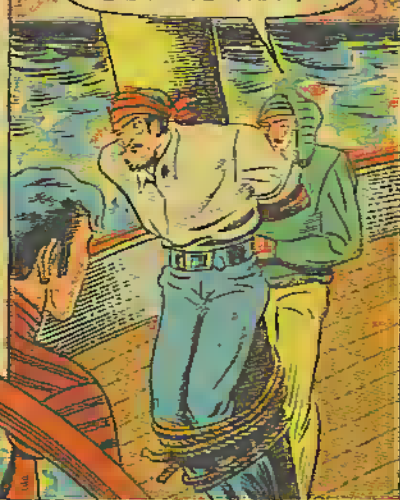
BUT A GHOSTLY PISTOL BLINDS HIM WITH A WEIRD FLASH.



HE TRIES TO SEIZE THE WHEEL.



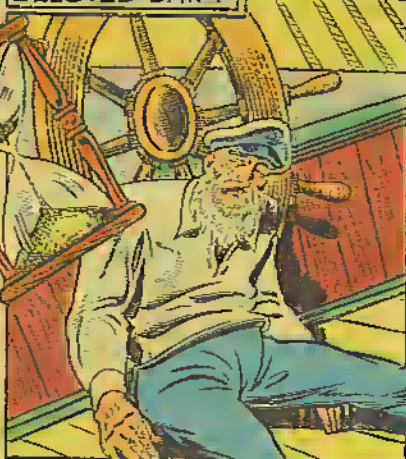
YOUR EVIL DAYS ARE OVER! MY SON HAS SEEN TO THAT!



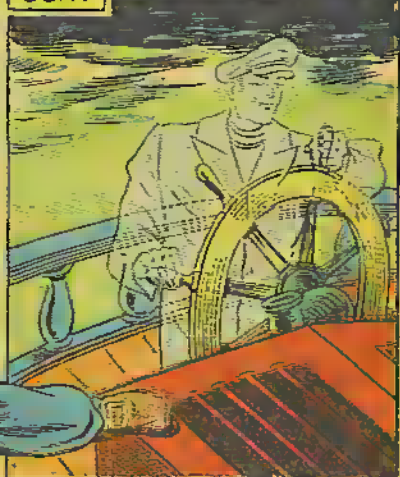
BEN IS NOW MASTER OF THE FLYING GULL. NEVER HAS THE SHIP BEEN SO RENOWNED OR SO PROSPEROUS.



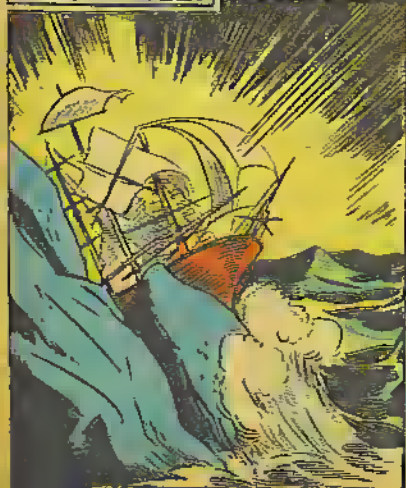
YEARS PASS. BEN LATHAM IS OLD AND ILL. ONE NIGHT HE DIES AT THE WHEEL OF HIS BELOVED SHIP.



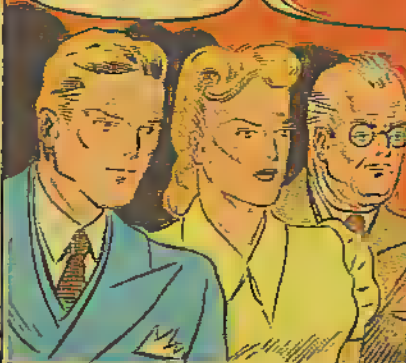
OVER HIS STILL FIGURE RISES THE GHOST OF OLD NEEDLES' SON.



A GHOSTLY SHRIEK SOUNDS... THE FLYING GULL IS SENT CRASHING ON THE REEF OF ROBIN'S WOE.



THE GHOST WAS BEN'S FRIEND... HE WRECKED THE FLYING GULL RATHER THAN ALLOW A NEW MASTER ABOARD HER... HER HULL LIES DEEP BENEATH THE WAVES.



AT NIGHT HER SPIRIT FORM RISES WHERE YOU SAW IT TO HONOR THE BEST CAPTAIN SHE EVER HAD... BEN LATHAM?



THE OLD WITCH SPINS ANOTHER EERIE YARN NEXT MONTH IN

**HIT COMICS**



# TOMMY TINKLE

ARTHUR  
BEEMAN

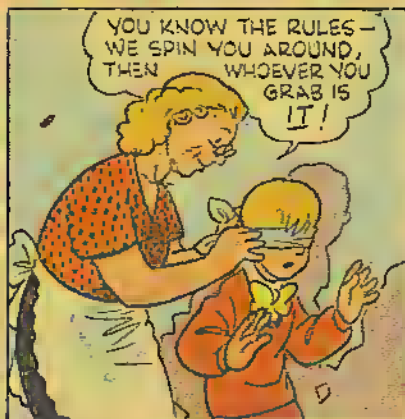
GOSH-I'VE NEVER  
SEEN SUCH  
A DULL  
PARTY!

PEEST-PAL! WHADYA  
SAY WE DITCH THIS  
GANG AN' GO OUT  
AND HAVE  
SOME FUN?

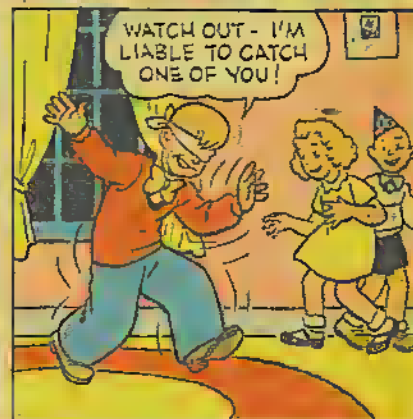
I CAN'T,  
-THIS  
PARTY'S  
FOR ME!



NEXT WE'LL PLAY  
BLIND-MAN'S BLUFF!  
TOMMY, YOU BE  
FIRST!



YOU KNOW THE RULES -  
WE SPIN YOU AROUND,  
THEN WHOEVER YOU  
GRAB IS IT!



WATCH OUT - I'M  
LIABLE TO CATCH  
ONE OF YOU!

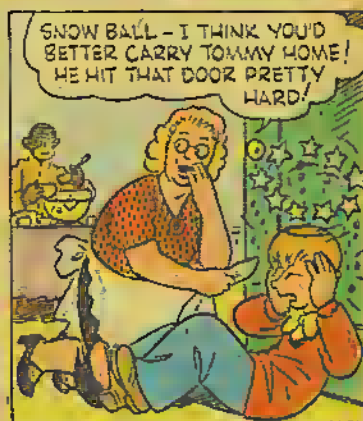


LOOKIT TOMMY  
GO -- HAZEL IS  
GONNA BE  
CAUGHT!

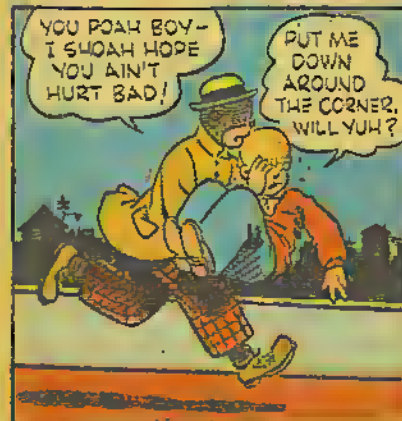
NO, I'M NOT!  
I'M GOING THE  
OTHER WAY!



**CRASH!**  
**BANG!**  
OH-MY  
HEAD!



SNOW BALL - I THINK YOU'D  
BETTER CARRY TOMMY HOME!  
HE HIT THAT DOOR PRETTY  
HARD!



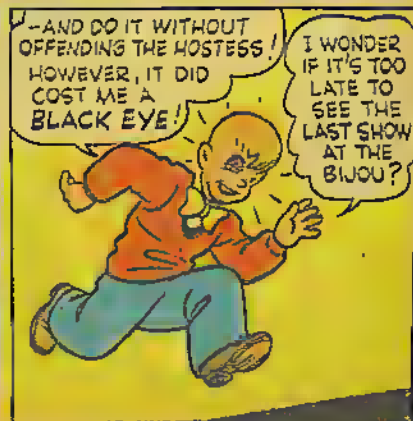
YOU POAH BOY -  
I SMOAH HOPE  
YOU AIN'T  
HURT BAD!

PUT ME  
DOWN  
AROUND  
THE CORNER,  
WILL YUH?



WHATCHU TALKIN'  
'BOUT? YOU IS  
SICK!

I RAN INTO THE  
DOOR ON PURPOSE -  
ONLY I DIDN'T  
MEAN TO HIT IT  
SO HARD! BUT I  
JUST HAD TO  
GET OUT  
OF THERE -



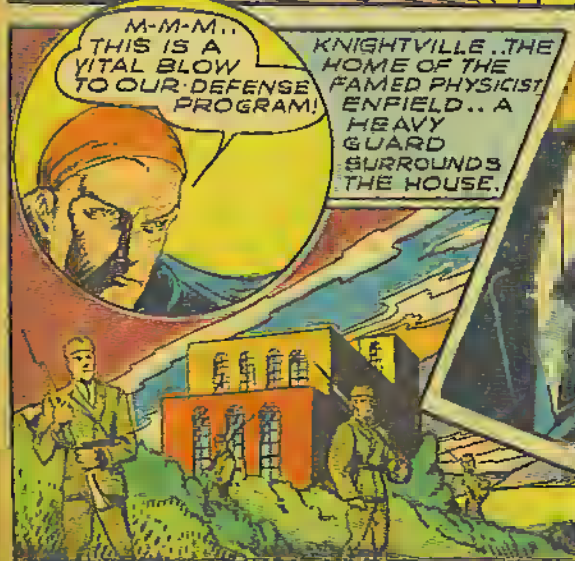
-AND DO IT WITHOUT  
OFFENDING THE HOSTESS!  
HOWEVER, IT DID  
COST ME A  
BLACK EYE!

I WONDER  
IF IT'S TOO  
LATE TO  
SEE THE  
LAST SHOW  
AT THE BIJOU?



# NEON

by Tabor  
Major The Unknown



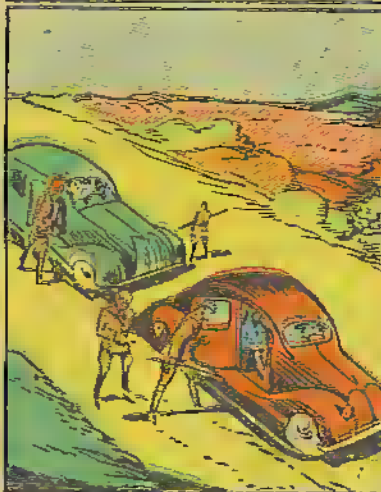


AS NEON SWOOPS DOWN  
BESIDE DR. ENFIELD'S  
HOUSE, HE FINDS THE  
GUARDS SHOUTING IN  
CONFUSION.

HE'S GONE!  
ENFIELD'S  
DISAPPEARED  
RIGHT UNDER  
OUR NOSES!

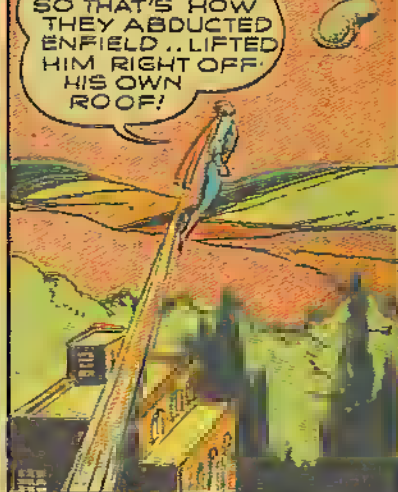


ALL ROADS ARE BLOCKED  
.. EVERY CAR IS SEARCHED  
IN VAIN.

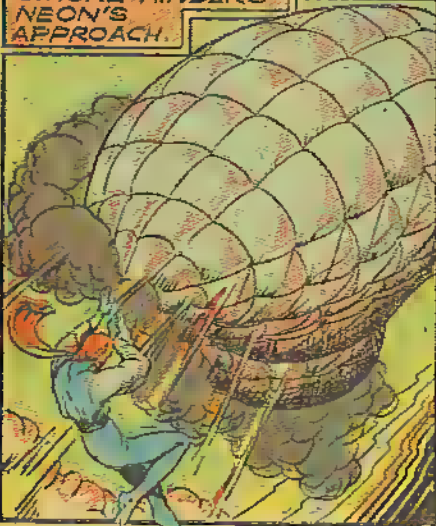


NEON SHOOTS SKYWARD..

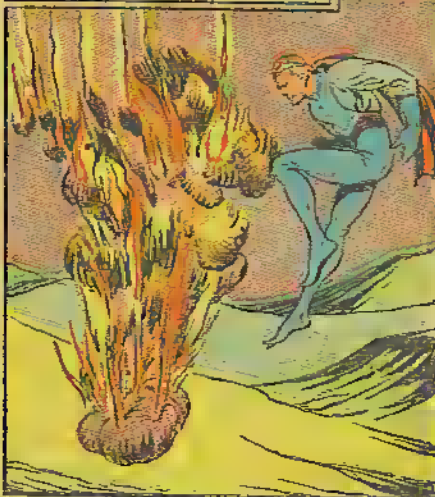
A BALLOON!  
SO THAT'S HOW  
THEY ABDUCTED  
ENFIELD .. LIFTED  
HIM RIGHT OFF  
HIS OWN  
ROOF!



A BLAST OF BLACK CHOKING  
SMOKE HINDERS  
NEON'S  
APPROACH..



AND IN A MOMENT THE HUGE  
BALLOON DEFLATES AND  
FALLS IN FLAMES..



POOR ENFIELD! THAT'S  
THE END OF HIM..

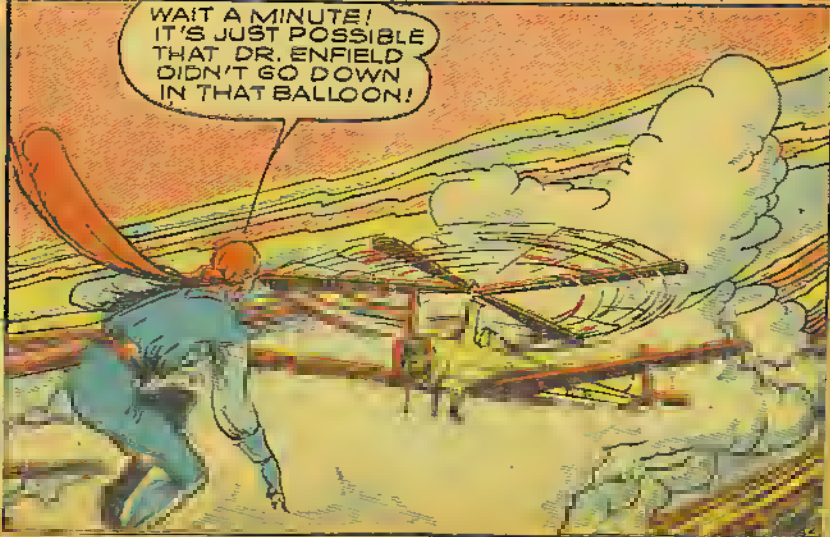


BUT THE  
WHIR OF AN AUTOGIRO  
SOUNDS FROM ABOVE..



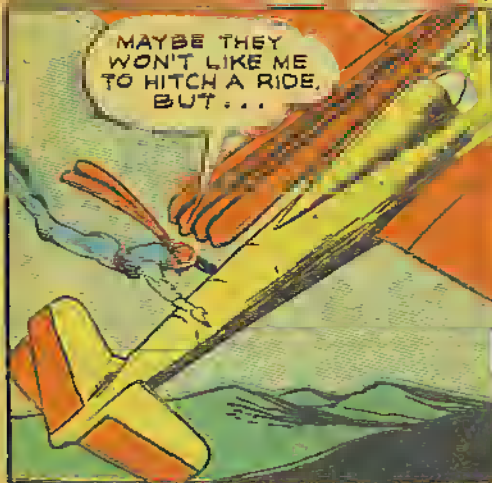
NEON CIRCLES SWIFTLY ABOUT THE RISING PLANE ..

WAIT A MINUTE!  
IT'S JUST POSSIBLE  
THAT DR. ENFIELD  
DIDN'T GO DOWN  
IN THAT BALLOON!





AS NEON OVES, THE WINDMILL  
BLADES SNAP BACK... THE  
PLANE GATHERS MORE SPEED...



MAYBE THEY  
WON'T LIKE ME  
TO HITCH A RIDE,  
BUT...

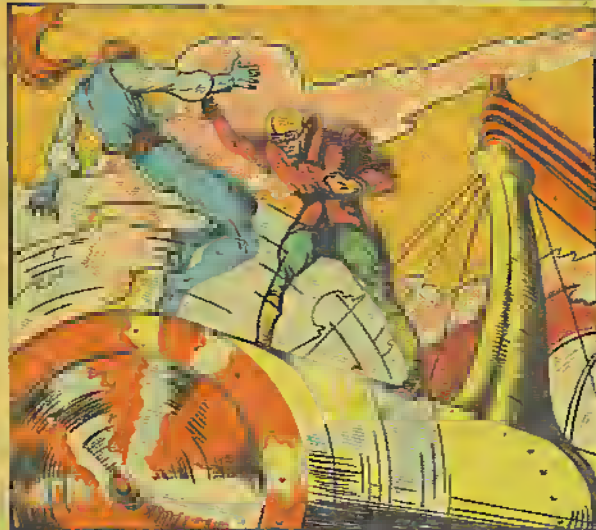
WHAT IN THUNDER  
IS MAKING THAT  
TAIL SO HEAVY?  
HEY YOU! HOW'D YOU  
GET UP HERE?



GRIMLY, THE TWO FACE EACH  
OTHER ON THEIR PRECARIOUS  
PERCH...



NEON'S FOOT SLIPS ON THE SMOOTH HULL...



BUT HE REGAINS HIS  
BALANCE AT ONCE...



NOW I'LL SEE WHO  
ELSE IS TRAVELING  
ON THIS SHIP.



DR. ENFIELD?  
HAVE THEY HURT  
YOU, SIR?



I'LL CONCEAL MY-  
SELF IN THE COM-  
PARTMENT... I WANT  
TO SEE WHERE  
THEY ARE  
TAKING  
YOU!

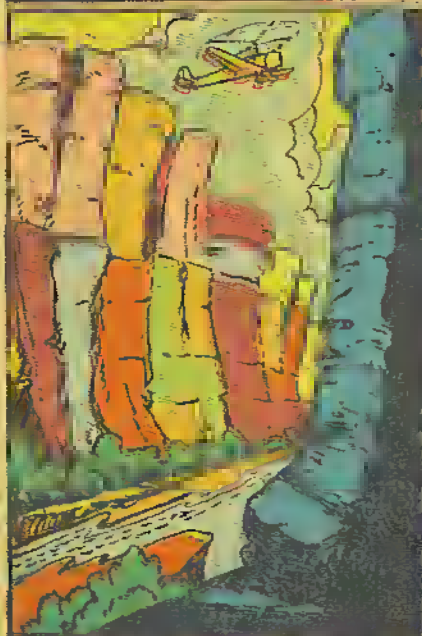


OVER THE SNOW-CAPPED  
ROCKIES WINGS THE PLANE  
ON ITS WESTWARD COURSE...





OVER THE GRAND CANYON. .  
AN IMPOSSIBLE LAND-  
ING SPOT. THE AUTO-  
GIRO BEGINS TO DESCEND.



IT LANDS AMID THE TOWERING  
CLIFFS ON A SMALL ISLAND.  
STRANGE BUILDINGS RISE ON  
THIS SECRET BASE. . .



COME ON, DOCTOR. . IT  
WON'T DO YOU ANY  
GOOD TO PROTEST  
NOW.



THEY AREN'T LEADING HIM  
STRAIGHT TO THOSE  
BUILDINGS!



AH... I SEE! A CONCEALED  
TUNNEL. . PROBABLY LEADS  
TO THE STRUCTURES. .  
CLEVER!



NEON FOLLOWS



HERE  
HE IS,  
MARCO



AS THE TREACHEROUS DR. MARKO ENTERS  
WITH HIS CAPTIVE, ARMED REDSKINS  
APPEAR TO GUARD THE PASSAGE. . .



BUT NEON  
FLASHES DOWN  
ON THEM. . .





HIS NEONIC FISTS STRIKE WITH INSTANT RESULTS.

THE MAN YOU'RE WORKING FOR ISN'T WORTH THE PUNISHMENT YOU'RE TAKING FOR HIM?



NEON SPEEDS ON THROUGH THE TUNNEL, TILL HE COMES TO THE ENTRANCE OF A HUGE MODERN LABORATORY.

YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!



I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT GOING TO STOP ME!



HERE THEY ARE! ALL THE MISSING SCIENTISTS, WORKING AS SLAVES!



HALT!

HOW DID HE GET IN HERE?

NEON FLINGS A FLASK OF ACID, BLINDING BOTH GUARDS...



MARKO IS FORCING US TO INVENT NEW GASES AND WAR MATERIALS TO SELL TO THE WAR-RING NATIONS OF THE WORLD. HE WILL MAKE MILLIONS... THE AGGRESSOR NATIONS HAVE ALREADY SIGNED CONTRACTS WITH HIM!



BUT IN THE NEXT ROOM...

LET THEM TALK! THIS SLEEPING GAS WILL QUIET THEM!



AS THE SOPORIFIC FUMES FILL THE AIR, NEON CHARGES THE ELECTRONS OF THE WALL WITH A NEONIC RAY.

HURRY! GET OUT OF THIS PLACE!



AND YOU, MARKO, WILL MAKE A RETURN TRIP TO THE EAST, WHERE SOME FELLOWS IN THE F.B.I. ARE WAITING TO TALK BUSINESS WITH YOU!



NEW THRILLS ARE PACKED IN THE NEXT ADVENTURE OF COLORFUL NEON IN HOT COMICS



# SHOT IN THE DARK

By TONY BOONE

"I'm quite sure I only heard one shot, Inspector," Mrs. Graves answered Jim Kirkwood's question, suppressing a sob.

"I distinctly heard two shots. There was an interval of about one minute between," Peters, the butler, replied coolly.

"And what about you, Mr. Graves? You're the dead man's brother, aren't you?"

"Yes, Inspector. He was the youngest in the family—I don't know why—er—you asked me about the shots. Perhaps I was more wide awake than the others—but I believe there were three shots fired."

"And would you say that there was a one minute interval between both shots, Mr. Graves?" Kirkwood glanced speculatively at the three persons before him. He saw the butler's eyes narrow with interest. Graves' brow furrowed in thought.

"I can't say exactly. Yes, yes, now that you bring it to my attention—there was some time between shots. Of course, I rose immediately and came downstairs. It took some time to compose myself, I suppose. In my nervousness, I may not have noticed. I am not a good man in emergencies, Inspector—very high-strung."

"Of course, I understand." The detective took a cigarette from his case and let it dangle from his lip.

"Light, Inspector?" Before the butler could administer his usual duty, Graves had applied a match to Jim's cigarette.

"Thank you, sir. And now it's my unpleasant duty to ask you all to remain here while I make a survey of the house. Mrs.

Graves, I know it is an ordeal for you to stay in this room, where your husband met his untimely death—but it is necessary. If I were you I wouldn't keep staring at the shattered mirror. It only makes you feel worse."

He helped the weeping woman into a deep chair and offered his handkerchief to supplant her own small, wringing wet one. She sobbed incessantly.

Leaving Graves to comfort her and the butler standing stiffly as though awaiting some final order, Kirkwood left the room with Cassidy, known to the force as the Doubtful Dick.

"What do you think, Cassidy. Was it one of them?"

"I doubt it."

"Yeah? Why?" asked Jim, a slightly patronizing smile playing about his lips.

"Well, it couldn't be Graves. He wouldn't have any reason to murder his own brother. And a guy with a shake like that—did you see how his hand trembled when he lit your match? Palsey! Why he couldn't hit an elephant at two paces!"

Kirkwood opened the door into Mrs. Graves' bedroom. "What about the little woman? I've heard she and the Mr. weren't hitting it off so well. He was too busy for her. Never gave her any time or affection. He was working on his books in the study the night he was killed."

"Yeah?" Cassidy puzzled a moment over that one. "But she only said there was one shot. Now we know it was two because the mirror was smashed by one and Graves was killed by the other. If she'd have done it, she'd have known there was two."

"M-mmm. Nice going, so far." Jim was rummaging through all the drawers filled with pink silks and satins. "And there's no sign of a concealed weapon in this room. Well, that leaves Peters."

"Aw, he's acting too suspicious to really be the one. Of course, he knew there were two shots—Hey, it could be him! But I doubt it."

They were in the garage whose open doors faced the window of the murder room before Kirkwood spoke again. Cassidy was twitching with impatience to hear the Inspector's verdict on his diagnosis.

"Well, I'll tell you about people acting suspicious. You can never go on that, Cassidy. Look at Mrs. Graves, for instance. For a woman who was purportedly about to sue for a divorce, she's putting on a grand act of grief in there. Methinks the lady doth protest too much."

"Yeah, that's right. I never thought of that. Then you think it was her and not Peters?"

"I didn't say anything of the kind. As for the two shots, Peters was wrong about that. There were three."

"Three! Then—"

"Then I have to find one bit of evidence and I'll confront the



murderer with it. I'm sure Peters was right about the one minute intervals. If I could only find—"

"What, Inspector?" Cassidy's voice rose to a high pitch in his state of curiosity.

He was answered by a curt order to search the incinerator in the backyard, while Jim ducked into the cellar. It was half an hour later, after he had not only dumped all the rubbish and ashes but pulled up every plant in the flower beds and thoroughly wrecked the garden so that it looked like the East End of London after a night's raid, that he came tearing into the house and up to Kirkwood.

"Now, I get it, Inspector. I found what you were looking for—but which one—?"

"Come on in and I'll show you," said Jim, snatching a black object from Cassidy's hand and leading him into the room where the three suspects waited.

"To begin with," Kirkwood faced the three questioning pairs of eyes, "none of you heard any shots."

Peters' eyebrows arched but his manner did not change. Mrs.

Graves gave a little cry of protest. The dead man's brother wore a mixed expression of interest and bewilderment.

"What you heard, Mrs. Graves, was the bullets contact with the mirror—it must have shattered quickly, like the report of an automatic. Peters, whose room overlooks the garage, heard a tire blow out as a bullet sped through this open window, didn't he, Mr. Graves?"

Graves rose and the blood was red in his face. "Why ask me—I'm sure I don't know—I thought I heard three shots, that's all."

"But how could you, Mr. Graves, when you shot them all with this silencer on your gun?" Kirkwood thrust the metal gun cover into Graves' trembling hand.

"You didn't fool me with that palsey act. I'm somewhat of a medical student and recognized that phoney shiver. You may have been nervous enough to miss two shots—but you were calm about reloading—you had to, because you were using this silencer. An illegal attachment, I might add."

Graves clenched the incriminating object in his fist and then



with the speed of a striking cobra, hurled it in Kirkwood's face. But Cassidy's worth was made evident at once. He flew into a graceful tackle and spread the murderer on the rug. In a moment he was squatting on the man's chest, pinning his arms beneath thick, muscular legs.

"I doubt there's any doubt about his guilt, Inspector," said Cassidy with a broad grin.

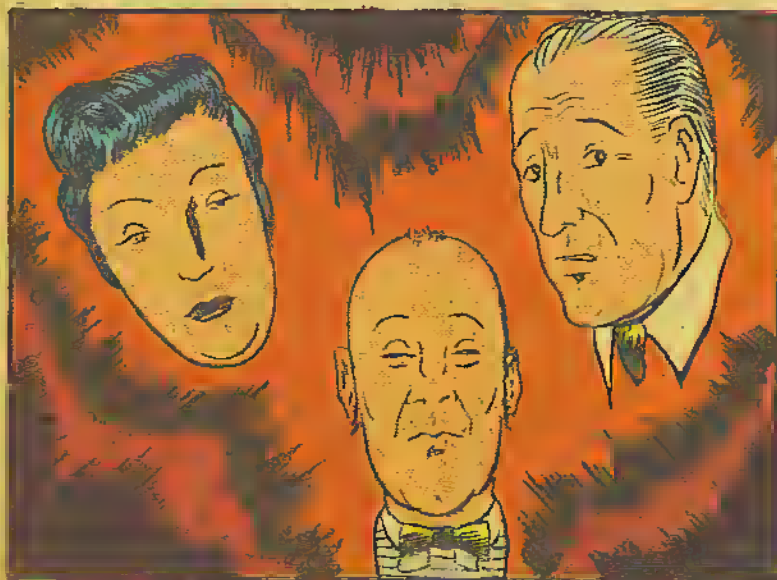
"Just one little item. Graves, why did you do it?"

Graves wouldn't talk, but Mrs. Graves had ceased her sobbing and spoke.

"Their father's money had been left to my husband. We had been unhappy and I found that I wanted to marry his brother. I would have been willing to live without so much money—but Fred didn't feel that way—so he—Oh, Inspector, when I learned that Tom had been killed—I knew what a mistake I had made—but I didn't dare say anything—"

Later Cassidy was rehashing the events in his mind. "But I still don't get how you were so sure it was Graves. It could have been some one else."

"Sure—and I didn't know—I just had to take a chance and confront him with the evidence. It was a shot in the dark—in a way. Only by that time it wasn't so very dark."





# G-5 SUPER AGENT

BY

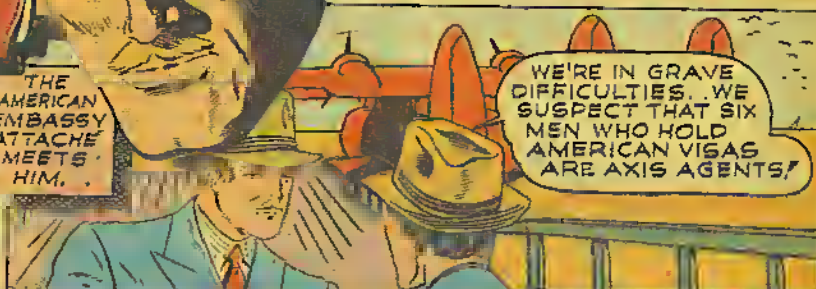
Cary  
Weyte

LISBON, PORTUGAL, IS THE SOLE WAR-FREE PORT IN EUROPE. HERE PITIFUL REFUGEES BEG, PRAY OR DIE IN THE MAD SCRAMBLE FOR AMERICAN VISAS. . . G-5, FAMED INTERNATIONAL AGENT, UNCOVERS FRAUD BEHIND THE SCENES.

TRAVELING AS AN AMERICAN NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER, G-5 LANDS IN LISBON.

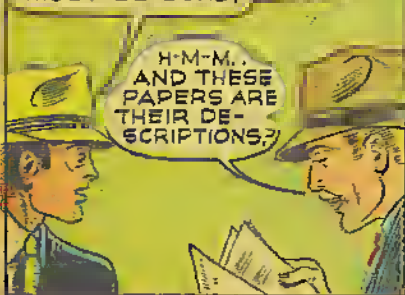


THE AMERICAN EMBASSY ATTACHE MEETS HIM.



WE'RE IN GRAVE DIFFICULTIES. WE SUSPECT THAT SIX MEN WHO HOLD AMERICAN VISAS ARE AXIS AGENTS!

IN THAT CASE THEY MUST NOT ENTER AMERICA! YOU'RE TO GET PICTURES OF THESE MEN AND SEND THEM TO THE B.I. IN LONDON. WE MUST BE SURE!



H-M-M. . . AND THESE PAPERS ARE THEIR DESCRIPTIONS?

G-5 MEMORIZES THE DESCRIPTIONS. . . LATER ON LISBON SQUARE.



THERE ARE TWO OF MY MEN!

BEFORE THE SUSPECTS CAN HIDE THEIR FACES. . .

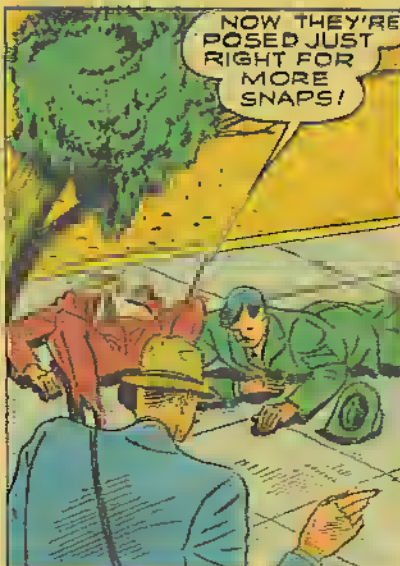


GOOD, I'VE GOT THEIR PICTURES!

IN FURY, THE TWO MEN  
ATTACK G-5, BUT HE IS  
TOO FAST FOR THEM..



SMASH THAT  
CAMERA!



NOW THEY'RE  
POSED JUST  
RIGHT FOR  
MORE  
SNAPS!

BEFORE THE BATTERED  
MEN CAN RISE, G-5 HAS  
SNAPPED A FULL ROLL OF  
THEM..

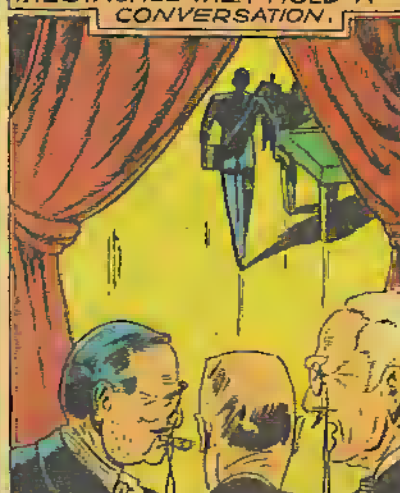


THEN HE HEADS FOR THE  
CASINO..



I'VE  
GOT TWO  
NOW,  
FOUR  
TO  
GO!

INSIDE, THREE MONOCLED,  
MUSTACHED MEN HOLD A  
CONVERSATION..



STOP!

HOW DARE  
YOU TAKE  
OUR PICTURE?

WE  
KILL YOU!

GOLLY! ALL MY SUSPECTS  
ARE AT THE CASINO  
TONIGHT!.. HERE'S  
ANOTHER!



THE ROULETTE WHEEL STOPS..



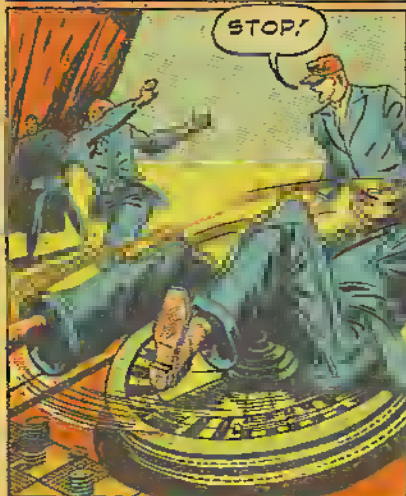
HAH! I WIN!.. ER, WHO  
ARE YOU? DON'T YOU  
TAKE MY PICTURE!  
I FORBID IT!

THE GAMBLER LUNGES AT  
G-5.. HE REACHES FOR  
THE TELL-TALE CAMERA..





BUT WITH A HEALTHY SHOVE,  
G-5 SENDS THE SPY FLYING  
TO THE ROULETTE WHEEL.



HE TOSSES THE CROUPIER  
HIGH ONTO THE SWING-  
ING CHANDELIER.



SUDDENLY...

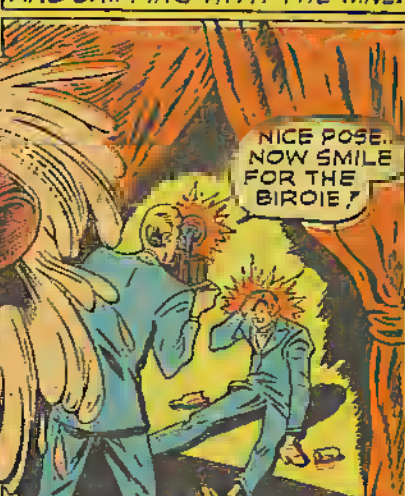
SOMEONE'S  
FIRING FROM  
BEHIND THAT  
PLANT!



HE GRABS A WINE BOTTLE,  
AND...



THE AXIS SPY FALLS, DAZED  
AND DRIPPING WITH THE WINE.



AS G-5 TURNS TO GO, AN  
ANGRY MOB CONFRONTS  
HIM.



IN A FLASH, G-5 BACKS FROM  
THE MENACING MOB AND DODGES  
DOWN THE BROAD MARBLE  
STAIRWAY.



I'VE GOT THE  
PHOTOS. GET  
THEM TO A  
DARK ROOM.  
QUICK!





NEITHER G-5 NOR THE ATTACHE SEE TWO SINISTER FIGURES UNTIL...



THEY DROP FROM THEIR TREETOP PERCH...



FURIOUSLY, THE INTENDED VICTIMS MEET THE ASSAULT...



THE TWO SPIES ARE TOUGH CUSTOMERS TO HANDLE...



BUT G-5 USES SPEEDY STRATEGY TO OVERCOME THEM.



THE POLICE WILL RELISH THESE PACKAGES!

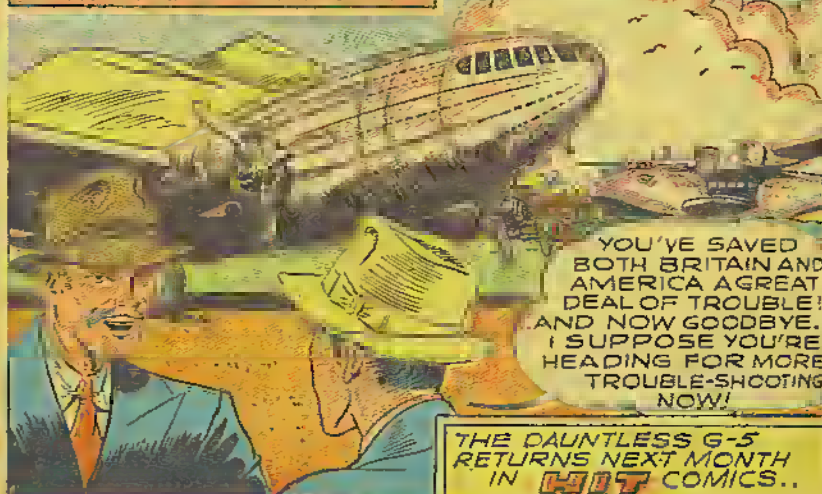


HE MEETS THE GENDARMES.

THESE MEN ARE AXIS AGENTS WHO WORK TO DESTROY YOUR STATE!



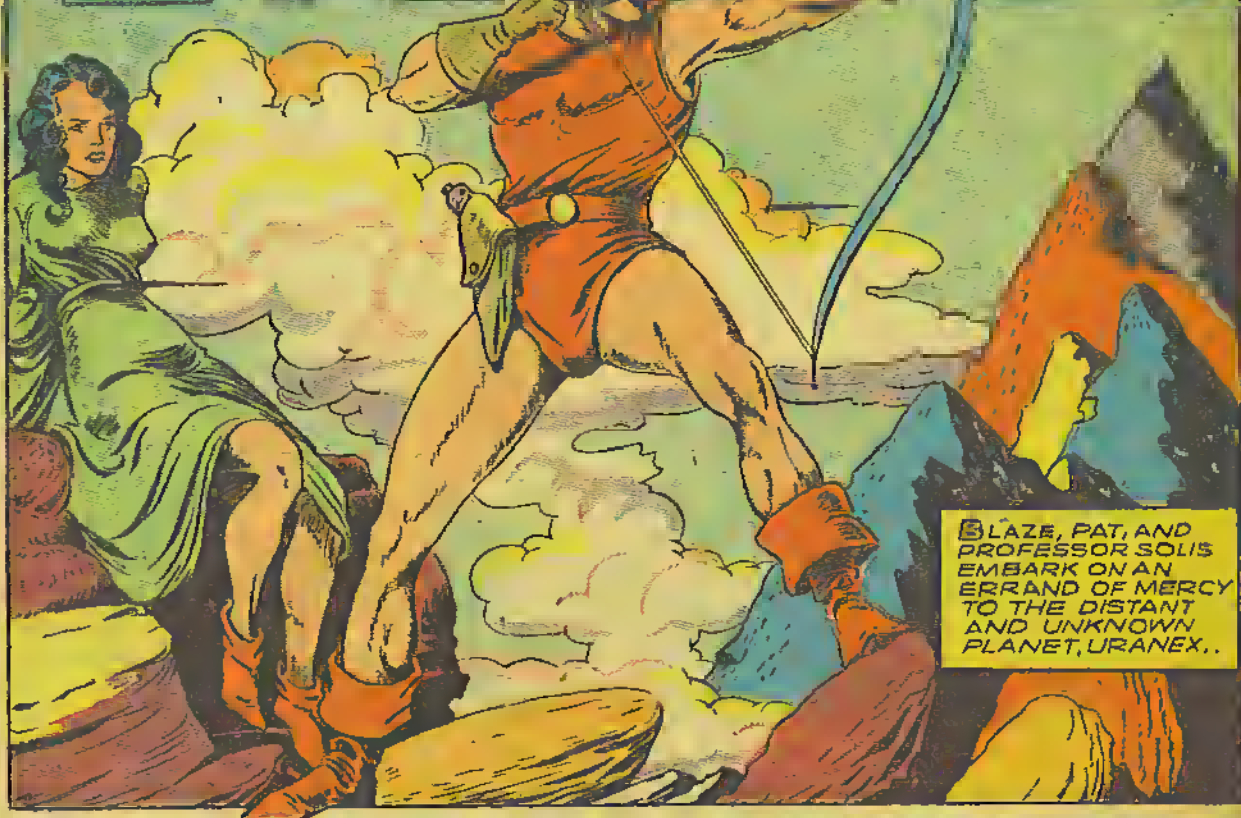
LATER, G-5 RETURNS TO LISBON AIRPORT, WHERE THE ATTACHE THANKS HIM PROFUSELY.



THE DAUNTLESS G-5 RETURNS NEXT MONTH IN **HIT** COMICS..



# BLAZZIN



BLAZE, PAT, AND PROFESSOR SOLIS EMBARK ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY TO THE DISTANT AND UNKNOWN PLANET, URANEX..

TROUBLE ON THE PLANET URANEX, BLAZE...I JUST RECEIVED A SPECTRO-FLASH MESSAGE CALLING FOR HELP!

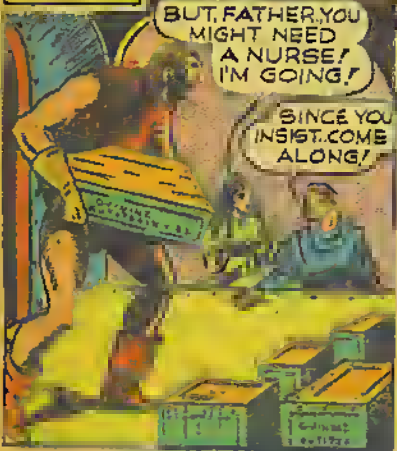
WHAT'S WRONG THERE, PROF?

URANEX IS NOW INHABITED BY THE REINCARNATED PEOPLE WHO WERE DESTROYED IN THE SUN SCORCH OF 5029 A.D.! THEY ARE RAVAGED BY AN EPIDEMIC OF AN UNKNOWN DISEASE!

WE MUST HELP THEM, PROFESSOR!

YES...YOU CHECK UP ON OUR SHIP AND I'LL PREPARE THE QUININE CONCENTRATE FOR SHIPMENT!

AS BLAZE AND THE PROFESSOR WORK, PAT HECKLES TO GO ALONG.



BUT, FATHER, YOU MIGHT NEED A NURSE! I'M GOING!

SINCE YOU INSIST, COME ALONG!

AND SO THEY ROAR INTO THE UNKNOWN.



SUDDENLY A TERRIFIC ROCKING SHAKES THE SHIP. . .

WHILE PLOTTERS WATCH. . .



THEY WON'T GET FAR. I ARRANGED FOR THAT!

AND WE SHALL RULE THE EARTH! HA, HA!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THE ROCKET PASSES MERCURY.



WHAT'S WRONG, PROFESSOR? WE'RE FALLING! WHAT'S WRONG?

QUICKLY, BLAZE! CONNECT THE PHOTO-MAGNETIC COMPASS! THE STABILIZERS ARE FALLING OFF!

OH! WELL CRASH!



AGAIN PROFESSOR SOLIS'S KNOWLEDGE SAVES THEM FROM CERTAIN DEATH AS THEY NEAR THE PLANET URANEX. . .

WE'RE ALMOST THERE, AREN'T WE, PROFESSOR?

YOU'RE RIGHT. I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!

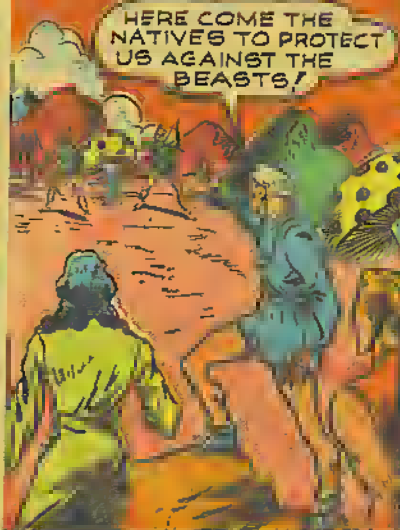


AS THE PARTY LANDS, THEY'RE MET BY A STRANGE SIGHT. . .



BLAZE, LOOK AT THOSE GIANT TOAD-WOLVES! LOOK!

HERE COME THE NATIVES TO PROTECT US AGAINST THE BEASTS!



BUT.

THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US AS WELL AS THE BEASTS. MY GUN WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM. HEY! IT DOESN'T WORK!

SURRENDER!





AT THAT MOMENT CHIEF  
AREU STEPS FORWARD...



THE ARROW STRIKES!



FINDING AN OPENING, THE  
VICIOUS TOAD-WOLVES  
ATTACK..



YOU'VE SAVED MY  
LIFE! I SHALL RELEASE  
THE PROFESSOR AND  
LET YOU GO, BUT  
YOU MUST GIVE  
US THE SERUM!



THE PROFESSOR IS SOON RETURNED TO HIS FRIENDS.

YOU KNOW, BLAZE, IT'S AMAZING! THESE URANEXANS ARE REALLY THE LOST SOULS OF THE EARTH AND I'D LIKE TO STUDY THEM CLOSER...BUT.

BUT WHAT, PROF?



BUT BLAZE AND HIS PARTY ARE UNAWARE OF THE DICTATORSHIP THAT HAS USURPED POWER ON EARTH.

WE SHALL RULE THE EARTH NOW! DOWN WITH SCIENCE AND CULTURE! DOWN WITH DEMOCRACY!



THE SHARP TEETH OF THE TOAD-WOLF SUFFICE TO THROW THE DICTATORS INTO A PANIC...

RUN! BEFORE THAT BEAST GETS US!



WE MUST GET BACK TO EARTH NOW! THE ATMOSPHERE OF THIS PLANET IS OVERLOADED WITH HYDROGEN AND UNLESS WE HURRY WE'LL SUCCEUMB TO THE DREADED DISEASE!



THEY HEAD BACK.



IT IS DARK ON EARTH... BETTER SO! NO RECEPTION COMMITTEES! WE'RE TIRED!

WHAT IS THIS? A REVOLUTION?

THERE THEY ARE! KILL THEM!

DEMOCRATIC FOOLS!



AS THE SHIP LANDS...

I'VE RELEASED THE LOYAL GUARDS! I HAD THE KEYS WITH ME!

GOOD GIRL, PAT!



BEFORE YOU LEAVE I'D LIKE TO PRESENT YOU WITH A CAGED TOAD-WOLF. IT MAY BE USEFUL ON EARTH!

THANK YOU!



COME ON, WOLF! DO YOUR STUFF! THEY'RE ONLY A COUPLE OF EMPTY WIND-BAGS! COME ON! GET THEM!



I'VE ORDERED THE POLICE TO ROUND UP ALL THOSE WOULD-BE DICTATORS!

THEY'RE COWARDS! JUST SHOW THEM YOUR POWER AND THEY'LL RUN FOR COVER!



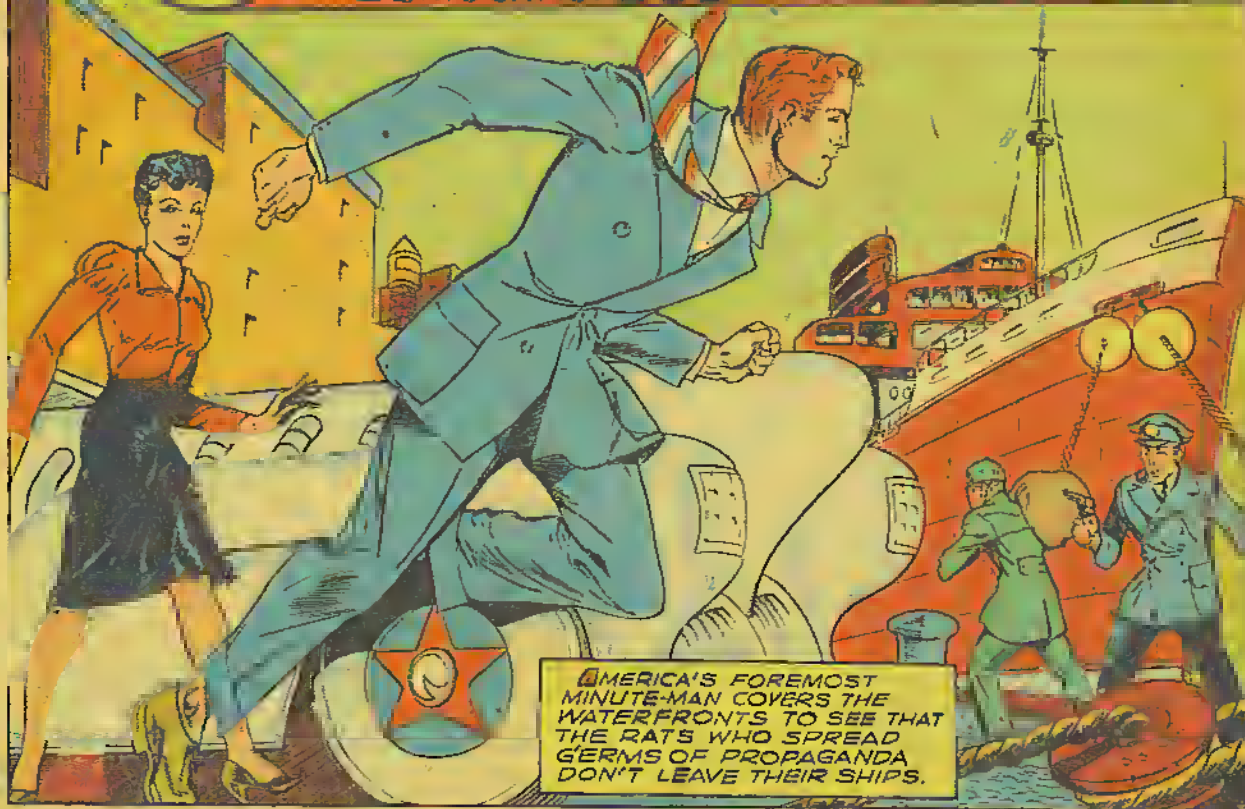


# DON GLORY

By  
Lincoln Ross

CHAMPION OF

DEMOCRACY ★ ★ ★



WHILE G-MEN LEAD MAX CUNE, LEADER OF THE YELLOW SHIRTS TO JAIL, THE FIFTH COLUMNIST SHAKES AN ANGRY FIST AT THE WORLD.



COME ON, JUNE THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO SEE!

SAR MOUNT NEWS  
THE END

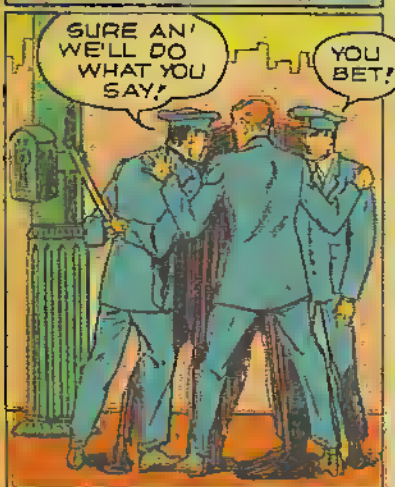


THAT'S NOT THE LAST OF THE YELLOW SHIRTS.. THEY'LL IMPORT A NEW LEADER FROM ABROAD.. MAYBE I COULD..

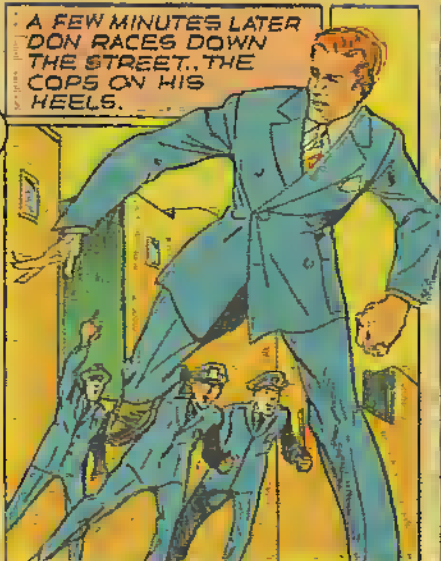
NOW, DON, DON'T LOOK FOR TROUBLE!



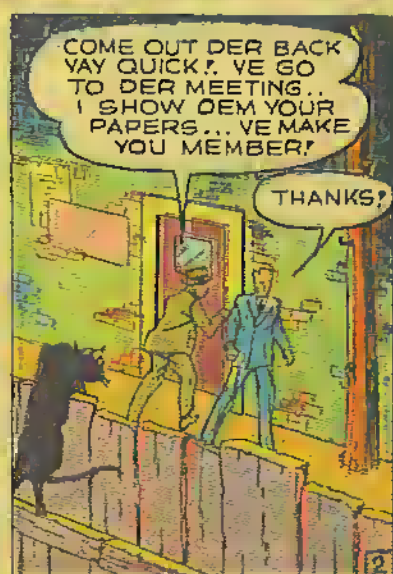
NEXT DAY SEES DON IN A HUDDLE WITH THE PATROLMEN ON YORK STREET.



A FEW MINUTES LATER DON RACES DOWN THE STREET, THE COPS ON HIS HEELS.



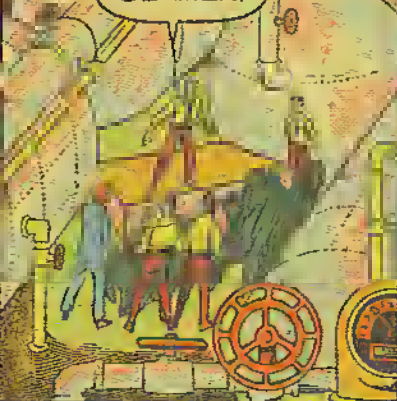
DON DUCKS INTO SCHNITZEL'S BUTCHER SHOP.





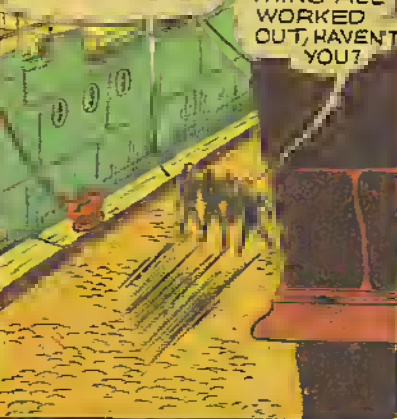
THE YELLOW SHIRTS MEET IN AN OLD BREWERY.

SCHNITZEL WILL GO TO THE DOCKS TO MEET OUR NEW LEADERS..THEY CAME FROM THE FATHERLAND AS SEAMEN?



WE'LL TAKE CHARGE AT ONCE! THE PLANS ARE READY FOR SABOTAGE AND WRECKING...THE FIRST THING IS..

GOT EVERYTHING ALL WORKED OUT, HAVEN'T YOU?



BUT THERE'S ONE THING YOU DIDN'T FIGURE ON!



AND DON'T THROWS A WRENCH IN THE PLANS

HELLO? WELCOME TO AMERICA!

GREETINGS FROM DER FATHERLAND?



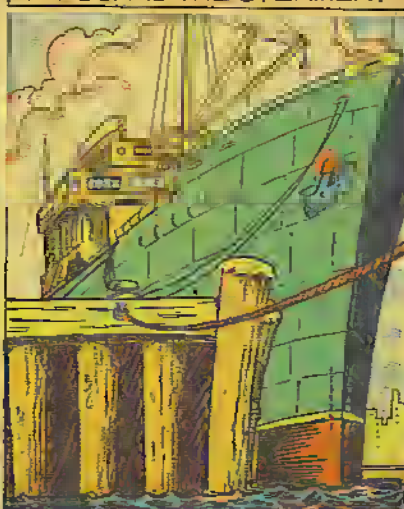
..A GOOD OLD AMERICAN LEFT HOOK TO THE JAW!



NICE LITTLE SCRAP, SON..I COULD USE THOSE MEN IN MY CREW...I'M SHORTHANDED?



THE UNCONSCIOUS ANTI-AMERICAN ORGANIZERS ARE SPIRITED ABOARD THE STEAMER.



NOW FOR SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS



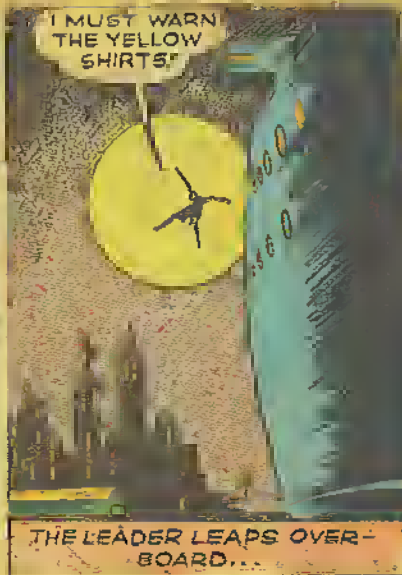
WITH THE YELLOW SHIRT LEADERS ABOARD, THE SHIP STEAMS OUT...



OH, MY CHIN! WERE ON A SHIP?



I MUST WARN THE YELLOW SHIRTS!



THE LEADER LEAPS OVER-BOARD...

THE NEW LEADERS WERE DELAYED..MR. SCHNITZEL SAID HE'D WAIT FOR THEM!



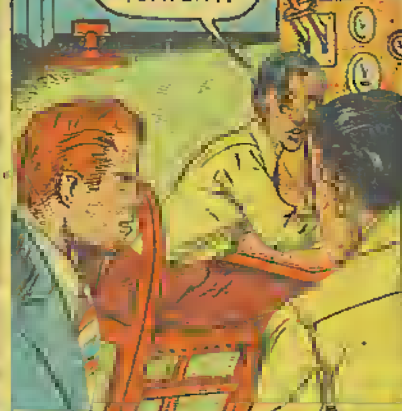
MEANWHILE DON GLORY IS BACK AT THE BREWERY HIDEOUT...

WE HAVE DECIDED TO MAKE YOU ONE OF OUR STORM TROOPERS.. WE WANT BIG, STRONG MEN FOR THE ORGANIZATION!



I WANT TO WORK ON..I MEAN FOR YOU.

SHH.. THE RADIO MESSAGE FROM THE PATHERLAND.. WE SABOTAGE THE SPRINGCHESTER ARMS FACTORY TONIGHT!



SUDDENLY A DRIPPING FIGURE APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY...

SEIZE THAT RED-HEAD! HE IS A DEMOCRATIC SPY!



RIGHT! AND HERE'S SOME APPLIED DEMOCRACY!



GET AWAY FROM THAT RADIO. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO WARN YOUR HENCHMEN!









AS THE GLORY ROADSTER PICKS UP SPEED, DON TURNS ON THE SHORTWAVE SENDING APPARATUS.

ATTENTION F.B.I.! SABOTAGE AT SPRINGCHESTER! AM SPEEDING THERE! DON GLORY..



THE SPIES DASH INTO THE STREET..

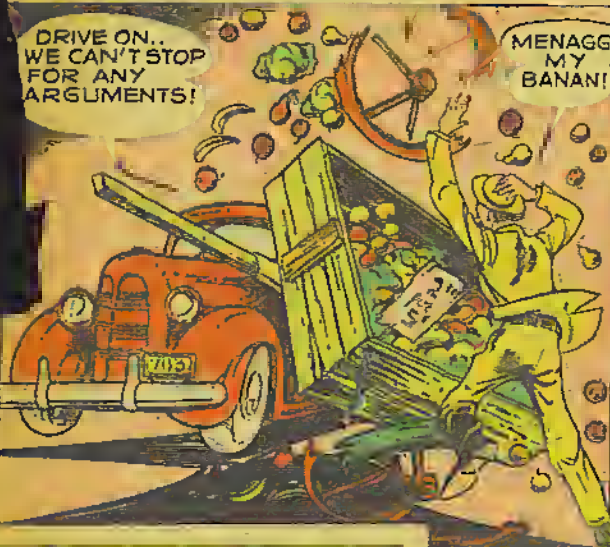


QUICKLY, INTO THE CARS.. WE CAN HEAD OFF THAT PATRIOTIC FOOL!

HE'S TAKING THE MAIN ROAD! THIS SIDE ROUTE IS A SHORTER WAY!



DRIVE ON.. WE CAN'T STOP FOR ANY ARGUMENTS!



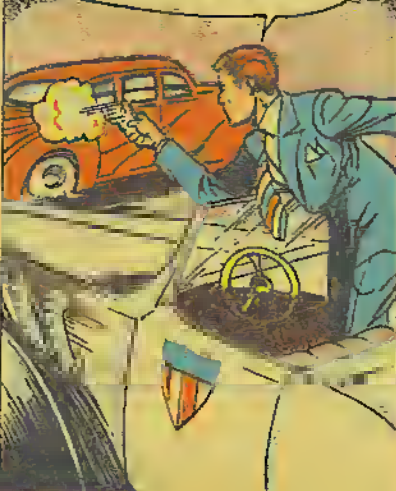
MENAGGA! MY BANANI!

DON GLORY AND HIS BATTLE WAGON SOON APPROACH AN INTERSECTION.. TO HIS AMAZEMENT, THE YELLOW SHIRTS' AUTOS APPEAR FROM THE CROSSROAD..



THEY WORKED FAST! NOW THEY'VE BARRICADED THE ROAD AND ARE TRYING TO SHOOT MY TIRES!

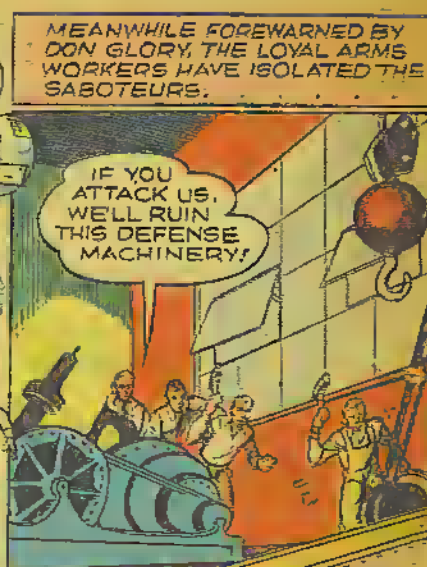
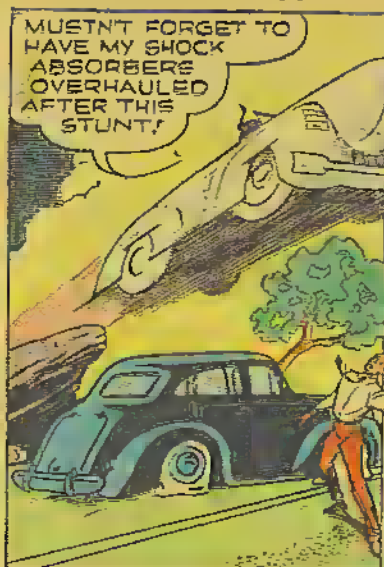
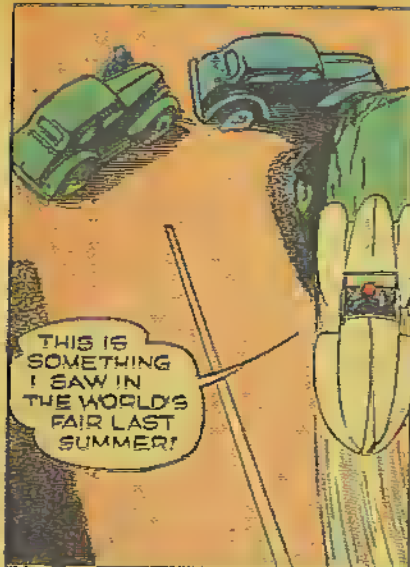
I KNOW A TRICK OR TWO! MY TIRES ARE BULLET-PROOF! BUT THEIR'S AREN'T!



I'LL BACK UP AND GIVE MYSELF A RUNNING START.. THEN SEE IF THEY CAN STOP THE GLORY ROADSTER!



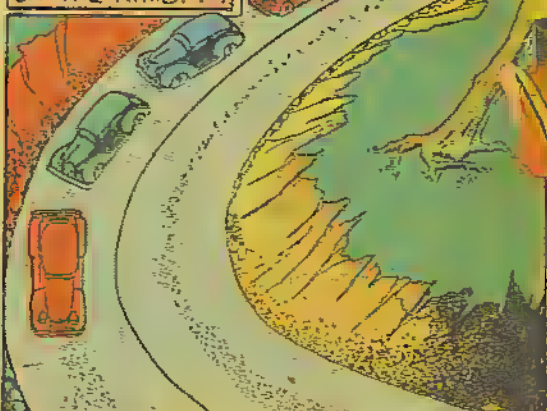




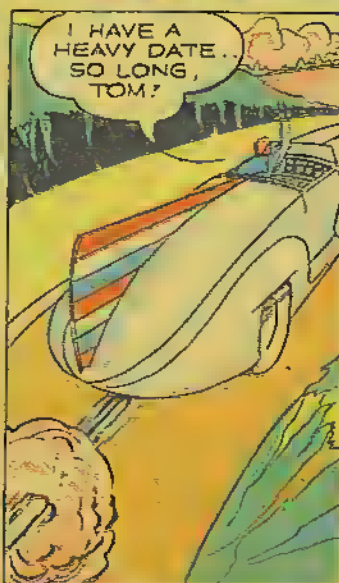
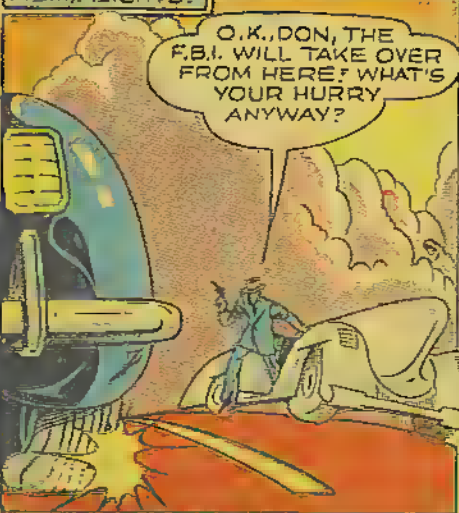
THE METEORIC ARRIVAL OF DON GLORY UPSETS THE CAREFULLY LAID PLANS OF THE SUBVERSIVE AGENTS.



THE YELLOW SHIRTS ATTEMPT TO FLEE ON THEIR BULLETRIDDED TIRES. SOON THEY ARE LABORIOUSLY CLANKING ALONG ON THE RIMS.



DON QUICKLY OVERTAKES THE LINE OF CARS.. TOM REYNOLDS, OF THE F.B.I., ALIGHTS.



DON GLORY HITS HARD AT DEMOCRACY'S ENEMIES IN THE NEXT **HIT COMICS**